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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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**ABANDON SHIP**, the last scene in the glorious career of H.M.S. Ark Royal, when it was found impossible to save her. A destroyer packed with survivors is just leaving the doomed aircraft carrier, and some of the crew have already been taken off by small boats. Here and there a rubber dinghy floating on the waves is emergency succour for any that may have to go into the "drink." There is no panic, no fear—only regret that a fine and valiant ship has, by the fortune of war, fallen a victim to the enemy.

*Photo, the "Daily Mirror," Exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

# TO WIN WE MUST HAVE 30,000 TANKS—AND MORE

THE war is being decided by tanks, Stalin told Lord Beaverbrook at the Moscow Conference. It is a tank war. "'Is it not an aeroplane war, too?' I asked, but Stalin replied that it was essentially a tank war."

Certainly tanks have played and are playing a predominant part. On the War's very first day German tanks crashed across the frontier into Poland and carved a blood-stained path through the serried masses of horsemen, brave but so horribly doomed from the start, that the Poles flung against them. Tanks rolled along the roads and across the dykes of the Low Countries. Tanks rumbled over the bridges over the Albert Canal and the Meuse—bridges which the defenders ought to have blown up beforehand. Tanks followed the woodland paths through the Ardennes, pushed through the fatal gap at Sedan, even overran in places the Maginot Line itself.

TANKS careered across the desert in Wavell's triumphant vanguard. Tanks were the spearhead of Rommel's counter-thrust, which in a few days left only Tobruk as a reminder of Wavell's victory. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that tanks have been mentioned in every communiqué from the Russian front, whether Nazi or Soviet. We have heard and read until we were tired of Hitler's panzers, of Guderian's tanks and of von Kleist's. They battered their way through Minsk and rumbled along the road to Moscow, they crawled over the shattered houses of Kiev and Kharkov, they swept across the vast wheatfields of the Ukraine; but they are not making such good progress now when the ground is deep in snow. They clattered over the Crimea and made their way into the station yard at Rostov. (And there, at Rostov, for the first time, they were forced to reverse their tracks).

Now again, in Libya, tanks are opposed to tanks in a battle as strange as it is fateful. Every correspondent dilates upon the clash of these "fire-breathing, scaly-hided monsters," as one has called them, monsters recalling the prehistoric reptiles which "tare each other in their slime" in the ages when the earth was still clothed with tropic swamps.

Tanks dominate the vast battlefield in the desert. They rage and roar across the waste of sand and scrub seeking the enemy tanks that they may devour. They are the battleships of land warfare, and are even more defiant of the bombers of the air. In this mighty struggle there is no retreat. Theirs but to charge and charge again with the furious mêlée; to knock out before being knocked out and left a tangled, blackened and twisted wreck.

"HOW will the war be won?" asked General de Gaulle, leader of the Free French, when he visited recently a great munitions factory in the Midlands. "We are living in the machine age. The battles of our time are and will be won by machines of war—which means, first of all, by tanks. *When* will the war be won? The Germans conquered Poland because they had 5,000 tanks against 1,000. They conquered France because they had 10,000 tanks against 3,000. They are advancing in Russia because they have 25,000 tanks against 15,000. They will be beaten when the war machines of the defenders of liberty have gained superiority over theirs, in numbers and quality. Napoleon once said, 'Victory is won by the big battalions.' Today he would say victory is won by the big battalions of tanks."

Later in his speech General de Gaulle—who had urged upon the French General Staff the establishment of a great tank force years before the war—went on to quote Mr. Churchill, who in 1918 said that the battle of 1919 would be won by 10,000 tanks, large and small. "That," commented General de Gaulle, "was the number that M. Reynaud demanded for the French Army in 1935." When, in March 1940, Reynaud became Prime Minister, he fixed this figure as the goal to be reached by the French armament industries; but it was too late. "It is exactly the same number of tanks as the Germans sent into action in May and June, 1940, on the soil of France, Belgium and the Netherlands. They are bringing twice this number to bear today from the White Sea to the Black Sea."

WELL might Lord Beaverbrook tell the engineering shop stewards on Clydeside a few days ago that the tank has proved the most formidable weapon of the war to date. It destroyed France and would have destroyed Britain had it not been for the Channel tank trap. Furthermore, "It is the British tank in Libya which has brought the invincible army of Germany to defeat for the first time," and British tanks are in action outside Moscow. Then the Minister of Supply read a telegram received a few hours before from Stalin.

"Beaverbrook," it read, "Let me express my gratitude for the sending of aeroplanes and tanks. Some of these British-made aeroplanes and tanks are already in action in the front line. The reports of our commanders on the British-made tanks are favourable. The Hurricanes are greatly appreciated. We would like as many Hurricanes and tanks as you can send, and could you limit the number of types sent to us? It would make everything much easier."

"That is straight from the battle front," Lord Beaverbrook said, and added that when he became Minister of Supply he sent out a message to all the firms engaged on tank production, informing them that tanks would henceforth be 1A priority. But in each of the messages was the injunction, "On no account shall you put the tank ahead of the aeroplane." That rule had been observed ever since. "Aircraft," said Lord Beaverbrook, "cannot win the battle alone. The tank might. Certainly aircraft cannot. The tank and aircraft together is the form in which we want to fight this battle front."

TANKS, more tanks, and yet more tanks is, then, the slogan for today. "We want," said Lord Beaverbrook at this same meeting, "from all sources from July of next year until July 1943, in twelve months, 30,000 tanks. That will include the quota we get from America, what we can produce in Canada, and a wide plan of production which we must lay down here."

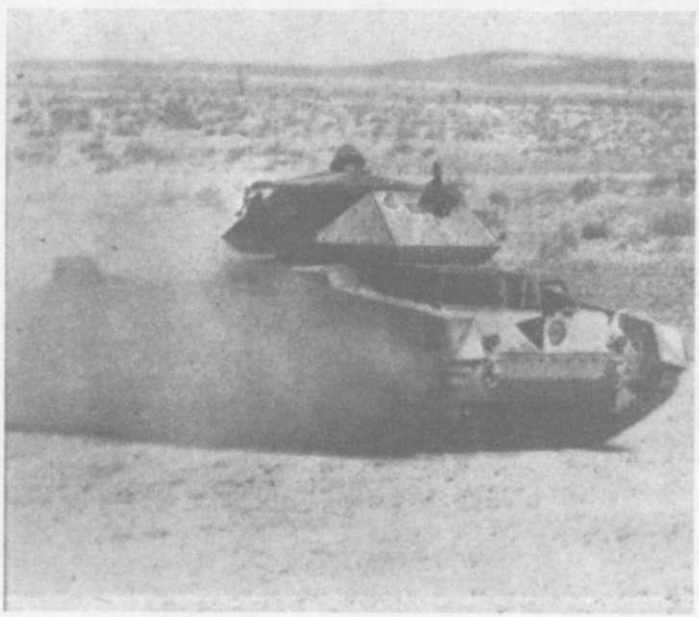
30,000 tanks! A tremendous figure, indeed. But General de Gaulle—and who should know better?—thinks even more will be required. "It is perhaps the action of 100,000 tanks, combined with that of 100,000 planes, and provided with supplies by 50,000,000 tons of shipping, which will win once and for all the victory of liberty."

To return to Lord Beaverbrook. "Stalin told me in the Kremlin that the Germans had 30,000 tanks," he said. "The Germans are producing, too, and adding to that number. So it is again the race of the tortoise and the hare. We have to get there fast to catch up on the production of German tanks."

TREMENDOUS as the figures are, they are not beyond the capacity of the combined plants of Britain and the Dominions, the United States and Russia. But we are a long way yet from full production. His audience of Clydesiders bombarded Lord Beaverbrook with questions inspired by intense criticism of the way things are done. Some Clyde employers, he was told, have the point of view of 40 years ago; and there was a frequent complaint that there is bad management, not in one factory but in all. "Bring about cooperation between management and men," declared Mr. Kirkwood in forthright tones. "The Clyde will then give you records that will make other records look like standing still."

REALLY we have no choice. We must extend our output of tanks to a degree hitherto undreamed of, we must make tank production a supreme objective of the national effort. By tanks far more than by masses of infantry, however fanatically brave and excellently equipped, far more even than by armadas of aircraft, Hitler has scored his resounding triumphs. And by tanks he will be beaten and driven along the road of defeat.

*E. ROYSTON PIKE*



**OVER THE LIBYAN DESERT races a British tank one of the hundreds which for weeks battled furiously with the tanks, as numerous perhaps and in many cases more powerfully built, armoured, and armed, that constituted the main strength of Rommel's Afrika Korps.**
*Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# American Tanks in the Desert Battle

A corporal on one of the new American tanks, specially designed for desert warfare, about to descend into the body of the machine for a test run.

A tank driver, having been instructed in the mechanism at a tactical training school, starting up somewhere behind the lines. Circle, crew of a tank jumping into their machine.

**IN THE WESTERN DESERT,** an American light tank goes at full speed. Right, units of the Royal Tank Corps studying one of the new American machines. In the background is a British "Matilda" tank. These American M.3 tanks have done good work in the battle for Libya. At least 150 are believed to have participated in Lt.-Gen. Sir Alan Cunningham's preliminary offensive, and since then many others are on the way.

*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# Retreat from Rostov: Hitler's First Defeat

**What was described as the first major defeat inflicted on Hitler's armies was the smashing counter-attack by Timoshenko's Russians, which in a few days expelled von Kleist's shock troops from Rostov. Here we tell of the battle and of the Nazi retreat which soon became a rout.**

GREAT was the jubilation in Hitler's camp when it was announced on November 22 that General von Kleist's shock troops had, after violent fighting, captured Rostov-on-Don. The city, it was pointed out, was one of great commercial and strategical importance, one which would be of exceptional value in the contemplated invasion of the Caucasus.

It was noticeable that the Russians declined to confirm the news of the city's fall, although they admitted that the Germans had penetrated the defences of Rostov and that fighting was going on in the streets. German tanks had reached the railway station, where there was fighting of the most violent description. Stubbornly though the Russians resisted, they were borne back. Every yard of advance cost the enemy dear, however; in two days' fighting the Germans lost (so the Russians claimed) 55 tanks, many lorries, much ammunition, and thousands of men killed and wounded.

Considering the city as good as won, von Rundstedt laid his plans for a further big offensive which would carry his armies across the Don. He was forestalled, however. In the last week of November Marshal Timoshenko, who for weeks past had been quietly organizing great new armies behind the southern sector of the front, struck a surprise blow. It came with all the force of a complete surprise, and in a few hours von Kleist's picked infantry and vaunted panzers were sent reeling back.

Battle was joined when units of General Remizov's 56th Army slipped across the Don after nightfall on November 27, and at dawn the next day launched an assault against the hastily-prepared German defences in the southern suburbs of Rostov. Savage street fighting began, in which a valiant part was played by the Russian guerillas, who sniped the Nazis from the rear. During the night of November 28 Soviet troops belonging to General Kharitonov's 9th Army were ferried over the Don, up river from Rostov, between Nakhichevan and Novocherkassk, and stormed the German lines in the north-east of Rostov. At the same time Red Army shock troops under Commander Goncharov broke through a German flank.

Thus attacked from both sides, von Kleist's army group, consisting of the 14th and 16th Tank Divisions, the 60th Motorized Division, and the SS. (Nazi Black Guard) Viking Division, were trapped. Only with extreme difficulty and after suffering heavy losses did remnants of his force burst their way through the narrowing gap still left open through the north-west suburbs. They retreated in disorder along the coast-road towards Taganrog, closely pursued by the triumphant Russians. No opportunity was given to the enemy for making a stand. The whole line of the Red Army's advance was littered with heaps of Nazi dead, while everywhere were abandoned tanks, tractors, lorries, guns, and dumps of ammunition. Swarms of Stormovik dive-bombers turned the retreat into a rout.

**The arrow shows the direction of retreat of Gen. von Kleist's army following the successful Russian counter-attack launched at the end of November.** *Courtesy of "News Chronicle"*

"Our booty is so tremendous," said Kharitonov in a victory speech, "that we have not yet had time to count it. Of course, the Germans may try, with the help of new reinforcements, to stop the Red Army offensive, but I am ready for such an eventuality. I possess the necessary forces to prevent any enemy counter-offensive from stopping us. My soldiers are now pursuing a beaten enemy. They will continue to do so until he is finally smashed."

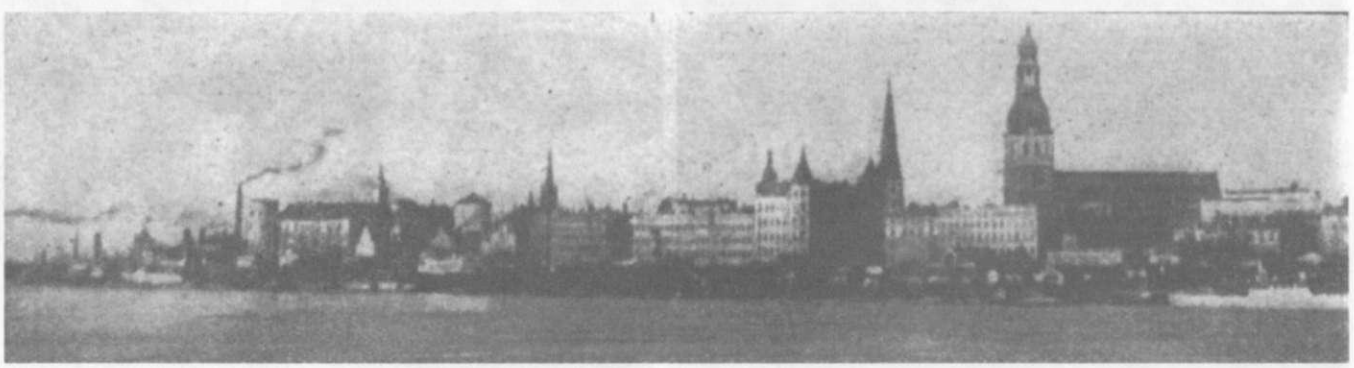
Stalin was swift to send a message of congratulation to Marshal Timoshenko and to Colonel-General Cherevichenko, Soviet Commander on the southern front. "I congratulate you on the victory over the enemy," he said, "and the liberation of Rostov from the German Fascist invaders. I send greetings to the gallant troops of the 9th and 56th Armies under the command of Generals Kharitonov and Remizov, who raised our glorious Soviet banner over Rostov."

Before leaving the town the Germans indulged in an orgy of murder. Hundreds of women, children, and male civilians in the city were slaughtered, declared Moscow. German forces looted the place and set fire to the houses. In one school, it was stated, the Russians found the bodies of 20 women, together with the bullet-riddled corpses of 70 children. Piles of dead Russian civilians were found in the streets. "We shall exact a terrible punishment for this bestiality from the German people who have produced this band of inhuman gangsters," vowed Moscow.

The Germans were not without their excuses for their defeat. Rostov, they explained, had been evacuated by the German troops in accordance with orders, "so that the necessary measures of reprisal may be taken against the population who have illegally taken part in the battle in the rear of the German Army." (This confession reads strangely in the light of the previous statement made by the German propagandists that the Soviet population meets the German troops as liberators from Stalin's tyrannical yoke.) No doubt, Berlin opined, the Reds would claim the recapture of Rostov, but really there was no question of this: the German High Command had merely taken systematic methods to enforce international law. Then the officials in Berlin declared that the Germans were going to take reprisals which would turn Rostov into "a smoking pile of debris, covering tens of thousands of Russians." The destruction would be worse than that of Warsaw, Rotterdam, or Coventry.

A few days later this excuse, as ridiculous as it was infamous, was discarded. Now it was admitted that the Germans had been forced to withdraw in face of heavy enemy superiority. The Russians, it was explained, had brought up fresh reserves from Siberia and Persia and, moreover, the Soviet partisans in the city had been active. So the Nazis had decided to retire to better positions in order to avoid unnecessary loss and the better to withstand the desperate Russian counter-attacks.

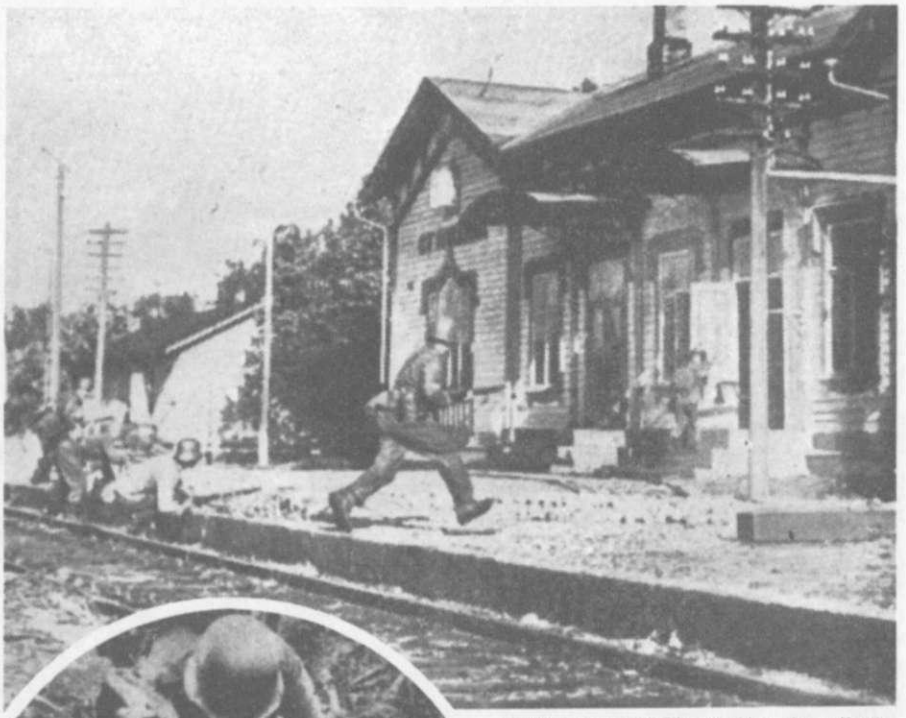
There was no disguising, indeed, the fact that the Germans had been defeated—and defeated, moreover, by an army which had been "annihilated" some time earlier, if the German account had been believed. "This is not the first, and certainly not the last, decided blow dealt to the German Army," said M. Lozovsky. "The rout of Kleist's army at Rostov puts an end to the stories of the invincibility of the German Army, and bars the way to a further advance by the invaders." For the time being, at least, the threat to the Caucasus was averted.



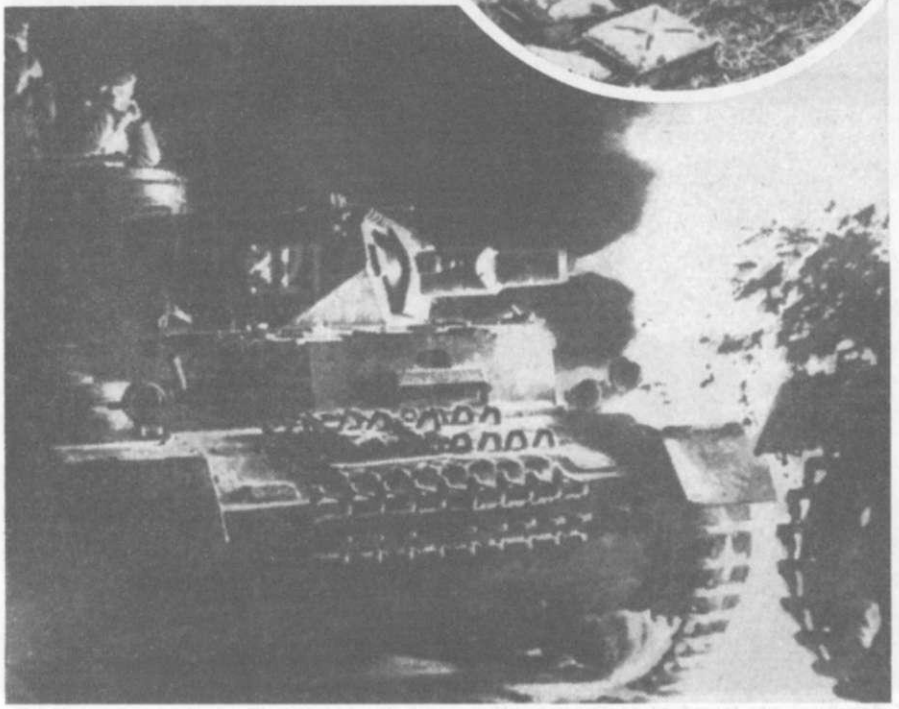
**ROSTOV-ON-DON, Russian port and industrial town, from which the Germans were driven by Soviet forces on November 29, after they had held the city for barely a week. Marshal Timoshenko's successful counter-stroke at the German right flank has checked, if it has not smashed, Hitler's plan to invade the North Caucasus. By December 4 the Russians were back in Taganrog, 50 miles west of Rostov, while the remnants of von Kleist's shattered divisions were in retreat towards Mariupol.** *Photo, G.P.U.*

# Here and There on the Vast Eastern Front

This ingenious anti-aircraft observation post has been improvised by Soviet soldiers; here, connected by telephone with their battery, they watch for Nazi planes.



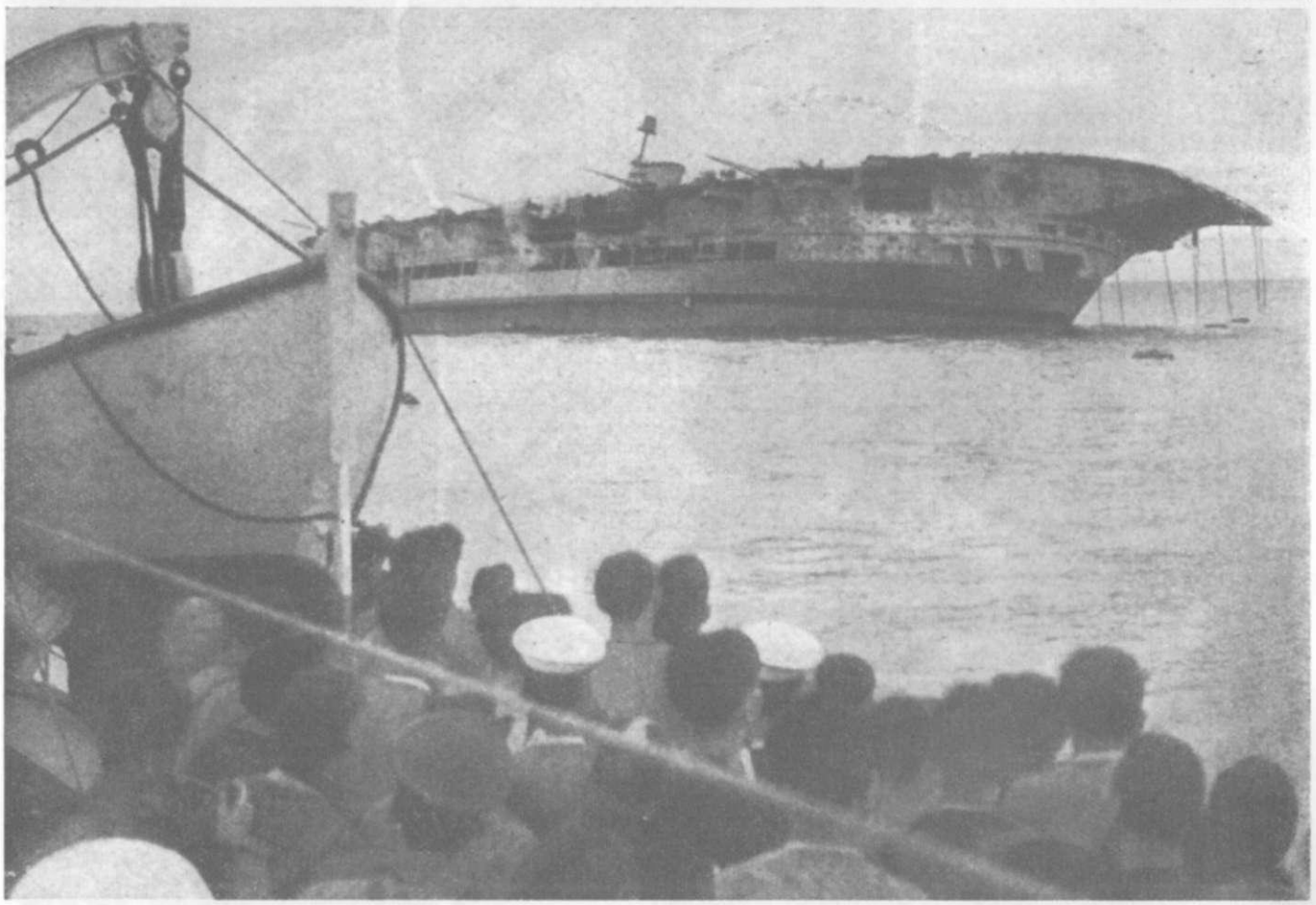
FINNISH TROOPS attacking the railway station of Jaakkima on Lake Ladoga, after the capture of the town from the Russians in advanced lines defending Leningrad.



NAZI TANK in action on the East Front. Right, exhausted German soldiers sleeping in an open trench during a lull in the fighting for Leningrad. Circle, a German soldier engaged in the dangerous task of rendering mines harmless. Like little portable wireless sets in shape these weapons are sown in vast numbers all about the Russian front, in open spaces and in towns, and have inflicted immense casualties on the Nazi machines and men.

*Photo, Planet News and Sport & General*

# One Last Glimpse of the Ever-glorious Ark Royal



So often "sunk" by German propaganda, H.M.S. Ark Royal was torpedoed on November 13 and sank the next day. The fatal list to starboard is clearly noticeable in this photograph taken from the deck of the destroyer which rescued her crew. In the upper photograph the stricken ship is seen from another angle with some of her complement crowding over the side to be taken aboard the destroyer which, thanks to calm weather, was able to come up alongside. The Ark Royal, completed in Nov. 1938, had a displacement of 27,000 tons full load, and was armed with sixteen 4·5-in. guns.

*Upper photo, British Official: Crown Copyright; lower photo, the "Daily Mirror," Exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

# All But One Were Saved from the 'Ark'

**ARK ROYAL SURVIVORS, all smiles and congratulating themselves on their good fortune, arrive at Portsmouth. The Ark Royal was torpedoed in the Mediterranean by a U-boat on November 13. Though "officially sunk" by Goebbels on September 26, 1939, the Ark Royal continued a glorious career, taking part in the hunt for the Graf Spee and the Norwegian campaign. In the Mediterranean last November one of her aircraft torpedoed an Italian battleship. She was at the bombardment of Genoa, and in the chase of the Bismarck.** *Photo, Associated Press, badge by permission of H.M.S.O.*

# Our Searchlight on the War

### OUR TOO HUSH-HUSH PROPAGANDA

Recently the Press was invited to a showing of Army Training film, under the auspices of the Directorate of Army Kinematography.

CONVINCED of the great power of the modern sound film, the War Office decided in August 1940—yes, as early as that—to make the fullest use of this up-to-date, successful method of instruction. A special section of the War Office was created to study and develop the use of films, a section which has now been expanded into the Directorate of Army Kinematography (note the K: long years ago the cinema used to be the kinema). Over 100 films have been put into production, and 45 of them have been completed. Three of these were shown the other day. All were quite good specimens of the cinematographer's art, but it was difficult to discover any reason why they should be described as secret.

The first—a very useful one this, particularly to A.R.P. wardens—illustrated the various types of H.E. bombs. It was humorous, yet practical; but surely the Germans know what sort of bombs they've dropped on us! The second film was a highly instructive, and not too easy to follow, account of the mechanism of a 25-pounder gun; quite a number of these are now in German possession. But the real gem was the third, a Universal film designed to create "booby-trap mentality." The men who made it must have enjoyed themselves immensely, particularly those who played the enemy parts. One scene in particular sticks in the mind: two German officers come into a drawing-room, presumably French, which has been carefully "doctored" by the British before their withdrawal a few days before. They call for a drink and toast a German victory, grin and wink at the contemptuous French girl—presumably she is French—who brings it, and look long and longingly at her retreating legs as only Nazi officers can. But would *you* loll back in your chair and try to straighten a picture on the wall with your riding crop? *Exeunt omnes:* picture, piano, room and officers "in one red burial blent"!

### READY FOR THE RAIDERS?

"Keep your knowledge of air-raid precautions continually up to date," counsels Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Home Security, in his foreword to the 3d. pamphlet, "Air Raids: What You Must Know; What You Must Do" (H.M. Stationery Office).

THE little book should be a best-seller, for it contains a mass of information of what may well prove to be of life-saving value. It gives a full description of incendiary bombs and of the precautions which should be taken against them. Then it goes on to high explosives and tells where is the safest place when H.E. bombs are dropping (see diagram p. 287, Vol. 3). Next it describes shelters of every kind, Morrison and Anderson, refuge rooms and public shelters. During these cold nights it is useful to know that a simple heater can be made by placing a flower-pot on a couple of bricks to raise it from the ground, placing a lighted candle by the drain hole at the bottom of the flower-pot (without, however, blocking up the hole), and then turning a second flower-pot upside down on top of the first flower-pot, edge to edge. After a time the top flower-pot will give off considerable warmth—sufficient for a small shelter. Other chapters in the book deal with war gases, and the respirators which are a complete protection against them; simple first-aid; and lighting restrictions—domestic and vehicle. It is good to see that the compilers of the book have not forgotten that animals, too, are entitled to a share of A.R.P.

### LONDONERS LUNCH TO MUSIC

"Dame Myra Hess gave her first formal piano recital yesterday (Nov. 2) since she has become a D.B.E. A full house and an overflow covering half the available stage—chairs then giving out—welcomed her . . . And the great pianist proceeded to play late Beethoven as only she among women pianists can."—*Peterborough in the "Daily Telegraph"*

MOST music-lovers know how, with the outbreak of war and the consequent enforced change of habits of the London public, Miss Myra Hess (as she then was) decided to cancel her American tour in order to sustain as far as she could the cause of music in England; and launched in cooperation with the Trustees of the National Gallery the "National Gallery Lunch-Time Concerts." She herself opened proceedings by giving a piano recital on October 10, 1939, and since then, up to the end of October this year, 556 concerts have been given. The attendance has averaged 2,000 per week, and 227,000 people paid for admission; 1,947 different artists have appeared, and the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, to which all profits go, has benefited by £3,350. While it is safe to say that all artists of any repute in this country have appeared at the concerts, Dame Myra has made it her business to encourage the younger and unknown musicians by regularly sandwiching them in between the "stars."

It is interesting to note that a very large proportion of the audiences at these now famous concerts are in uniform. Yet the B.B.C. is still not convinced apparently that the men (and women) of the Army, Navy, and Air Force feel the need for something more than variety, selections from light opera, and febrile crooning.

**Recently there have been unveiled in the church of Little Missenden, Bucks, stained-glass windows depicting the Battle of Britain and, right, the "Miracle of Dunkirk." These great events are realistically treated: bombs, planes, ships and guns in action are all represented, probably for the first time in this medium. The work is by Mr. G. E. R. Smith and commemorates the completion of 50 years' ministry of the Bishop, Rt. Rev. Philip Herbert Eliot, in the County of Buckingham.** *Photo, P. H. Lovell*

**One of the 27 sergeant-cameramen who are being sent to the Middle East by the new Army Film and Photo Unit. They are equipped with a miniature still camera, cine-film camera and a revolver.** *Photo, Planet News*

### IT MUST BE A COMBINED JOB

Until superiority is gained in the air none of our other arms can operate to the full limit of its own power. Then, and not till then, will the general defensive turn to the grand and final offensive.—*Colonel Moore-Brabazon, M.P., in a broadcast*

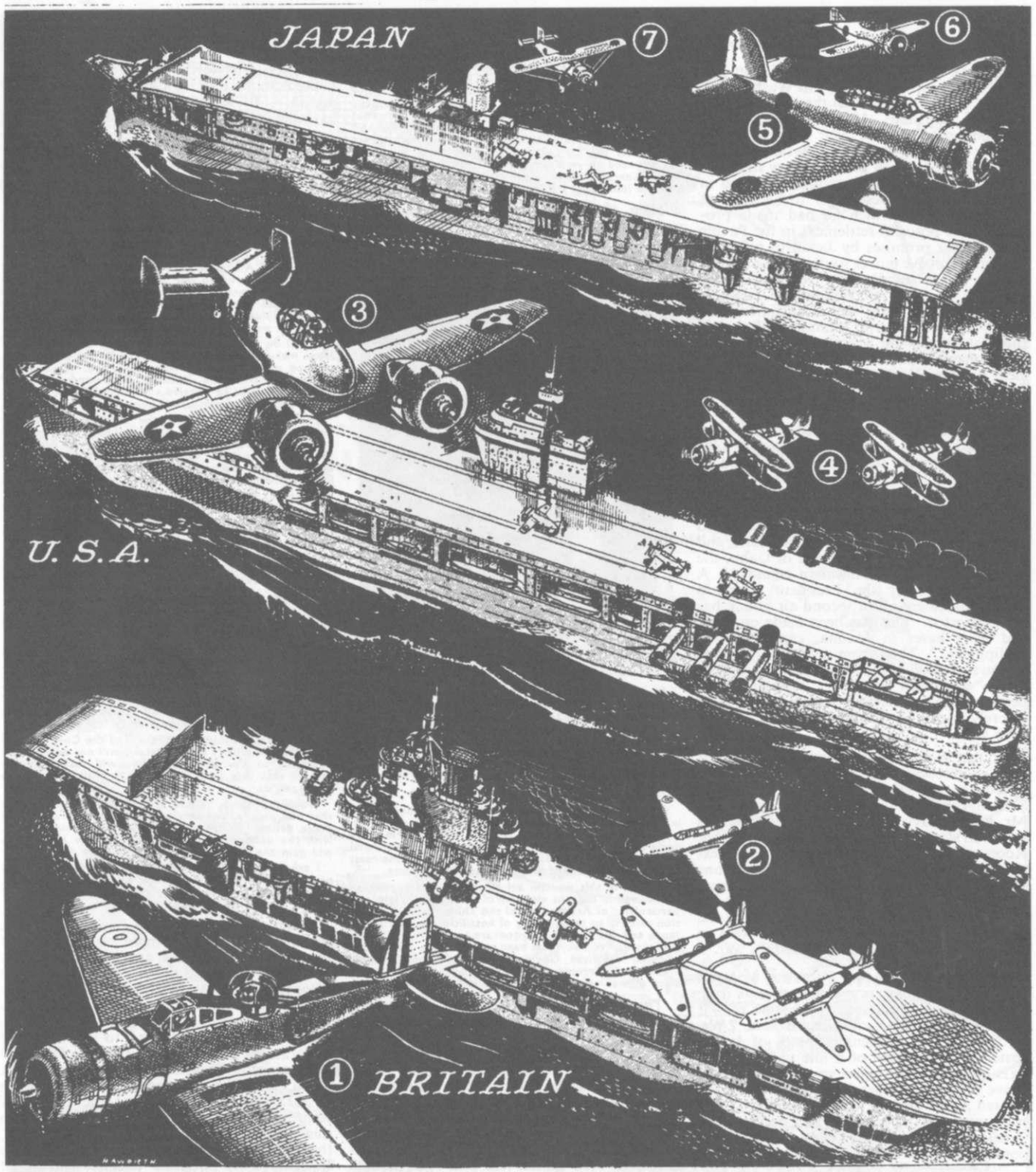
BRITAIN'S No. 1 airman, now Minister of Aircraft Production, is undoubtedly right. Without a strong and thoroughly flexible air force, capable of universal application, Britain cannot win this machine war. The bitter lessons of Norway and France and Crete, plus those of the rapidly overrun countries of Europe, have driven home the truth of that doctrine. The full use of the air arm with air superiority, in offence and defence, is essential. One of the brightest aspects of the Libyan offensive is the evidence of air and land cooperation; the aeroplane is helping the tank and the infantry generously, as well as carrying out at greater distances its own operations, both tactical and strategical. "Hurry-bombers" and cannon aircraft strafe the Nazi forces while the tanks engage them, army cooperation and reconnaissance machines are continuously active, and Fortresses deal with the enemy's supply bases in Africa. All this indicates that the higher authorities of the R.A.F., as well as the War Cabinet, have now gained a true sense of proportion. But no one weapon in this war can be supreme, none by itself can win. Tank weeks, air weeks, warship weeks all serve important purposes, but only a full and carefully planned use of all weapons, from battleships to bayonets, can force decisions.

### HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

German troops occupying the inner part of Rostov left in accordance with orders of the German Command, in order to undertake reprisal measures against the Russian civilians who struck at our rear in the city. This form of warfare is new to the German soldier.—*Military Spokesman in Berlin, Nov. 29, 1941*

"THIS form of warfare is new to the German soldier"—but not to the Russians. In "War and Peace," Tolstoy tells us that in 1812 "the so-called partisan warfare had begun with the enemy's entrance into Smolensk. Before the irregular warfare was officially recognized by our government many thousands of the enemy's soldiers—straggling, marauding or foraging parties—had been slain by Cossacks and peasants. By October there were hundreds of these companies, differing widely from one another in numbers and in character. Some were detachments that followed all the usual routine of an army, with infantry, artillery and staff officers. Some consisted only of Cossacks on horseback. Others were small bands of men on foot and also mounted. Some consisted of peasants, or of landowners and their serfs. There was a deacon at the head of such a band, who took several hundred prisoners in a month. There was the village elder's wife, Vassilissa, who killed hundreds of the French . . . The irregulars destroyed the Grande Armée piecemeal. They swept up the fallen leaves that were dropping of themselves from the withered tree, and sometimes they shook the tree itself." *Sometimes they shook the tree itself!*

# Naval Air Strength of the Pacific Powers




**BRITAIN.** The drawing shows a typical modern aircraft carrier of 23,000 tons, 753 feet long and carrying a complement of 1,600. Its armament consists of sixteen 4·5-inch dual-purpose guns and a large number of aircraft are carried. In the drawing can be seen (1) the Blackburn Roc, a two-seater fighter fitted with a power-operated gun-turret, with 4 guns ; (2) a Fairey Fulmar, an eight-gunned two-seat fighter with a 1,145 h.p. Rolls-Royce Merlin engine.

Britain has lost three aircraft carriers. She still has, in commission or building, the Implacable, Indefatigable, Illustrious, Victorious, Formidable, Indomitable, Furious, Eagle and Hermes, in addition to the Argus, a "Queen Bee" tender for training purposes, and the seaplane-carrier Albatross.

**U.S.A.** The drawing is of the Ranger, U.S. aircraft carrier of 14,500 tons. Her complement is 1,788, she is 769 feet in length and can take about 80 aircraft. The Ranger carries eight 5-inch A.A. guns and 40 smaller ones and her speed is about 30 knots. When not in action the six funnels are raised to the vertical position. Other carriers are the Lexington, Saratoga, Enterprise, Yorktown and Wasp. The Hornet was recently commissioned and eleven 25-26,000-ton carriers of the Essex class are provided for in the current programme.

The planes shown are (3) the Grumman Sky-Rocket, a twin-engined single-seat fighter, and (4) the Curtiss 77 (SBC-4) Helldiver, a two-seat scout-bomber.

**JAPAN.** Shown in the drawing is the Soryu, one of Japan's latest carriers, sister ships being the Hiryu and the Koryu. These carriers are of 10,050 tons displacement, 688 feet in length and are armed with twelve 5-inch A.A. guns and 24 smaller. They are said to carry 30-40 aircraft. Possibly completed are the 14,000-ton carriers Syokaku and Zuikaku. In addition, there are the Ryuzyo, of 7,100 tons, completed in 1933, and the Hosyo, 7,470 tons. Then there are the older Akagi and Kaga, each of 26,900 tons, originally laid down as a battle cruiser and battleship respectively.

Japan has a number of ex-mercantile vessels of about 6,000 tons, converted into seaplane carriers, the converted tankers Kamoi and Notoro of 17,000 and 14,000 tons, and three seaplane carriers of 9,000 tons, the Titose, Tiyoda and Miduho.

Japan keeps her new types of aircraft a closely guarded secret, but it seems likely that the Mitsubishi Karigane (5), largely used by the Japanese Army Air Corps, could be adapted for deck-landing. It is a two-seat monoplane, the Mark II version of which is fitted with a 800 h.p. Mitsubishi A.14 engine. The single-seat Zero (6), one of Japan's latest fighter planes, closely resembles the Brewster Buffalo. The Mitsubishi 92 (7) is a two-seat reconnaissance monoplane fitted with a 420 h.p. Jaguar engine.

*Specially drawn by Haworth for* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

# War in the Pacific: Japan Takes the Plunge

So long had the clouds of war lowered above the Pacific that when the storm actually broke it came with all the greater shock. On December 7 Japan declared a state of war against America and Britain. Swiftly the challenge was accepted. The war had become a world war indeed.

WHILE M. Kurusu and Admiral Nomura, the Japanese envoys in Washington, were closeted with the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, in Washington, Japanese war planes were actually bombing American naval bases in the Pacific. Mr. Hull did not know that, but his remarks were caustic enough. He had in his hands the Japanese reply to his note of November 26, in which he had made proposals for a peaceful settlement in the Pacific in return for promises by Japan to make no further aggressive moves southward or against Russia. "In all my fifty years of public service," he said, referring to the Japanese reply, "I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions—on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any Government on this planet was capable of uttering them." The Japanese listened and then, with unsmiling faces, left the State Department.

Hardly had they gone when on America descended the tremendous, almost unbelievable tidings that Japan had dared to attack her. The first announcement was given to the press by Mr. Stephen Early, President Roosevelt's secretary, early in the afternoon. "The Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbour from the air, and all naval and military activities on the island of Oahu, the principal base in the Hawaiian Islands." A few minutes later the President issued a further statement: "a second air attack has been reported. This has been made on army and navy bases in Manila, capital of the Philippines." Then from near and far came in news of fresh acts of Japanese aggression. Guam had been bombed, Honolulu was being raided. American warships had been severely damaged, and one was said to have been sunk.

At the White House President Roosevelt held conferences with his service chiefs and called a special cabinet; Mr. Stimson, Secretary of War, mobilized the Army, and Mr. Knox, Navy Secretary, ordered the fleets to action stations. At the same time, President Roosevelt released for publication the text of an appeal to the Japanese Emperor, one which he had sent on Saturday afternoon, December 6, as a last-minute appeal to keep war from the Pacific. It fell on deaf ears, however. The Japanese militarists were in full control, and they had resolved on war.

Swift came the news from the Imperial Japanese Headquarters at Tokyo that as from dawn Japan had entered into a state of war with the United States and Great Britain. "We, by the grace of heaven, Emperor of Japan, seated on the throne of a line unbroken for ages eternal, enjoin upon you, our loyal and brave subjects: we hereby declare war on the United States and the British Empire." The war, went on the rescript, was necessary to "ensure the stability of East Asia and to contribute to world peace."

A month before Mr. Churchill in his Mansion House speech had pledged Great Britain's word that should the United States be involved in war with Japan, the British declaration of war would follow "within the hour." As soon as he received the news of the Japanese aggression against the U.S.A., Mr. Churchill (he told the House of Commons on the afternoon of December 8) telephoned President Roosevelt with a view to arranging the time of the respective declarations. The President told him that he was sending a message to Congress (which alone can make a declaration of war on behalf of the U.S.A.).

"I then assured him we would follow immediately. However, it soon appeared that British territory in Malaya had also been the object of a Japanese attack, and later on it was announced from Tokyo that the Japanese High Command—a curious form, not the Imperial Japanese Government, but the Japanese High Command—had declared that a state of war existed with Great Britain and the United States. That being so, there was no need to wait for the declaration by Congress. The Cabinet, therefore, which met at 12.30 today, authorized the immediate declaration of war upon Japan."

Then the Prime Minister proceeded to read the text of the communication which

**M. Saburo Kurusu (right), Japan's special envoy to the U.S.A., on his way to the White House accompanied by Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State.** *Photo, Associated Press*

had been dispatched to the Japanese charge d'affaires at one o'clock. Dated from the Foreign Office, December 8, it read:

On the evening of Dec. 7 his Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom learned that Japanese forces, without previous warning either in the form of a declaration of war or of an ultimatum with a conditional declaration of war, had attempted a landing on the coast of Malaya and bombed Singapore and Hong Kong.

In view of this wanton act of unprovoked aggression committed in flagrant violation of international law, and particularly of Article One of the Third Hague Convention relative to the opening of hostilities, to which both Japan and the United Kingdom are parties, his Majesty's Ambassador at Tokyo has been instructed to inform the Imperial Japanese Government, in the name of his Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom, that a state of war exists between the two countries.

The Netherlands Government, went on the Prime Minister, had declared war on Japan at 3 a.m. Then he told how he had sent a warning to Thailand, that she was in imminent danger of Japanese invasion. "If you are attacked defend yourselves. The preservation of the independence and sovereignty of Thailand is a British interest, and we shall regard attack on you as attack upon ourselves." Chiang Kai-shek, Generalissimo of Free China, had also been assured that henceforth we would face the common foe together. Finally, said the Prime Minister, it was "of the highest importance that there should be no underrating of the gravity of the new dangers we have to meet." The enemy had attacked with an audacity which might spring from recklessness, but which might also spring from a conviction of strength.

"We have at least four-fifths of the population of the globe upon our side. We are responsible for their safety and for their future. In the past we had a light which flickered; in the present we have a light which flames; and in the future there will be a light which shines over all the land and sea."

Shortly afterwards, the Congress of the United States met in joint session at Washington. Mr. Roosevelt took eight minutes to make his historic declaration.

Yesterday, Dec. 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy, the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.

The United States was at peace with that nation, and, at the solicitation of Japan, was still in conversation with its Government and its Emperor looking towards the maintenance of peace in the Pacific.

Indeed, one hour after Japanese air squadrons had commenced bombing in the American island of Oahu, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States and his colleague delivered to our Secretary of State a formal reply to a recent American message, and, while this reply stated that it seemed useless to continue the existing diplomatic negotiations, it contained no threat or hint of war or of armed attack.

It will be recorded that the distance of Hawaii from Japan makes it obvious that the attack was deliberately planned many days, or even weeks, ago. During the intervening time the Japanese Government has deliberately sought to deceive the United States by false statements and expressions of hope for continued peace.

The attack yesterday on the Hawaiian Islands has caused severe damage to American naval and military forces. I regret to tell you that very many American lives have been lost. In addition, American ships have been reported torpedoed on the high seas between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Yesterday the Japanese Government also launched an attack against Malaya. Last night Japanese forces attacked Hong Kong; last night Japanese forces attacked Guam; last night Japanese forces attacked the Philippine Islands; last night the Japanese attacked Wake Island; and this morning the Japanese attacked Midway Island. Japan has therefore undertaken a surprise offensive extending throughout the Pacific area.

The facts of yesterday and today speak for themselves. The people of the United States have already formed their opinions and will understand the implications to the very life and safety of our nation.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, I have directed that all measures be taken for our defence, but always will our whole nation remember the character of the onslaught against us. No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory.

I believe that I interpret the will of the Congress and of the people when I assert that we will not only defend ourselves to the uttermost, but will make it very certain that this form of treachery shall never again endanger us.

Hostilities exist. There is no blinking at the fact that our people, our territory and our interest are in grave danger. With confidence in our armed forces, with the unbounded determination of the people, we will gain the inevitable triumph, so help us God.

I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese empire.

When the President had finished and was leaving the Chamber, there was a scene of tremendous enthusiasm, and it was noticeable that men who up to the day before had been amongst the most prominent of the Isolationists were now cheering and clapping as vigorously as the rest. Then the Congressmen met in their own Houses to consider the declaration of war resolution. Only 20 minutes after President Roosevelt had sat down, the Senate passed the war resolution by 82 votes to none; and the House of Representatives was almost as quick, but in this case there were 388 votes against one, the solitary dissentient being Mrs. Jeanette Rankin, a Republican pacifist who voted against the entry of America into the first world war in 1917. "Whereas," the declaration read, "the Imperial Japanese Government has committed unprovoked acts of war against the Government and people of the United States of America . . . be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled that a state of war between the United States and the Imperial Japanese Government, which has thus been thrust upon the United States, is hereby formally declared . . ." America was in the war.

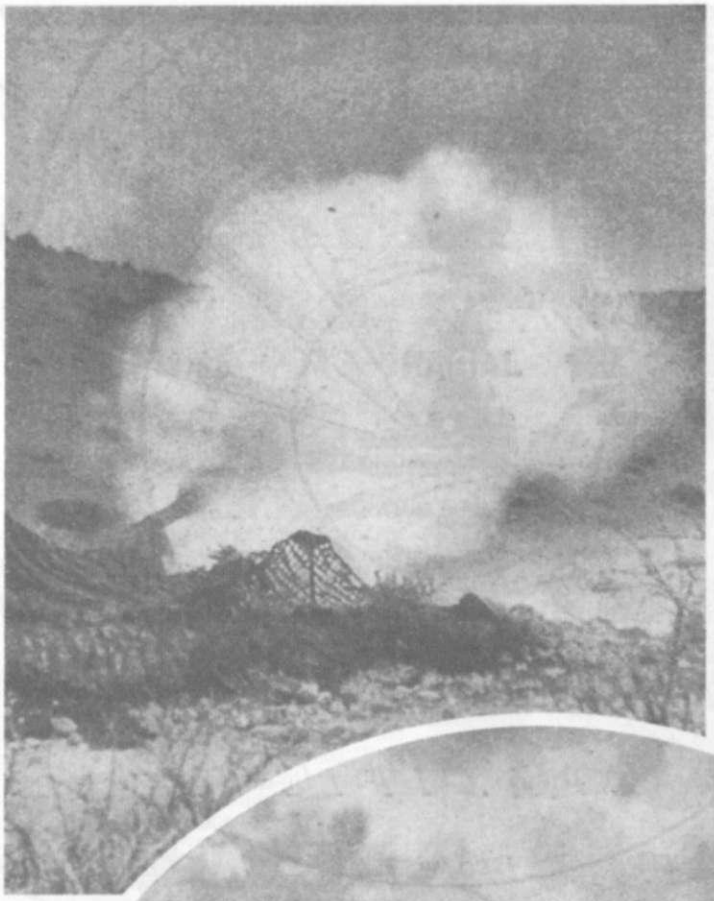
# Japan's Place in the New Theatre of Conflict

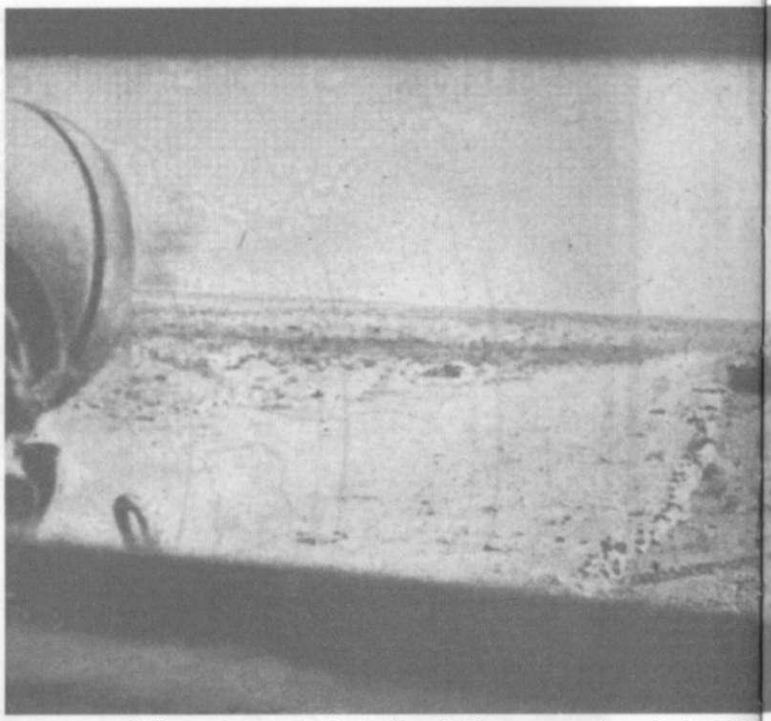
**JAPAN HAS STRUCK** and her entrance into the struggle will involve a vast area of sea and land in totalitarian war. To the north she may well have to reckon with the Soviet Red Banner Far Eastern Armies of a million men, now concentrated on the Manchurian and Russian Siberian frontier. To the south Thailand and Malaya have come into the land fighting, for an attack on the Burma Road is an essential part of Japanese strategy. The naval war must of a surety spread far and wide from north to south and from east to west in the open Pacific, and about the remotest islands held by Japan, Britain, and the United States. Japan has some excellent bases in the Marianas and Carolines equipped by Nature with deep harbourage; and Palau, with its deep sheltered lagoon and high hills for shore batteries, can anchor fifty warships comfortably. A big sea battle between Japanese and American Fleets began on December 8 off the coast of Hawaii with heavy losses on both sides, and great damage to Pearl Harbour, U.S. naval base. The American naval base at Guam was "virtually destroyed."

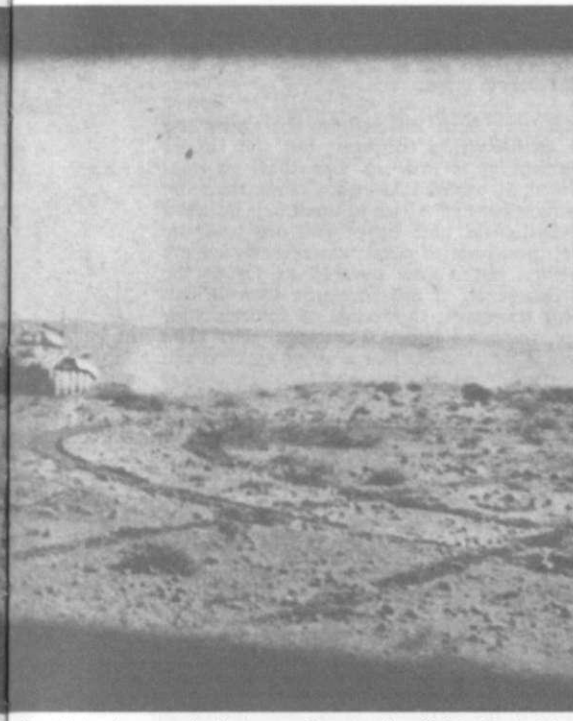
Five years of indecisive war in China have taken a heavy toll of Japanese effectives, but Japan is said to have 2,500,000 under arms, and another 6,000,000 potential reserves. Whether the latter can be fully equipped, however, is the great question, Nippon being poor in mechanization and the resources which build and keep the military machine going. Although Japan has begun her war with violent air attacks on Hongkong, Singapore, the Philippines and other places, her air power has not kept pace with Japanese ambitions, and the fact that she is dependent for 90 per cent of her oil supplies on America, the Dutch East Indies and Mexico is a weak point in her programme of aggression. None the less, the extremists of Tokyo have long visualized a vast Japanese empire stretching from the Arctic to the Equator, from which all European and American influence would be excluded.

*By courtesy of the "News Chronicle"*

# Into Battle Go Cunningham's Tanks and Men: First Photographs







A 60-pounder gun of a Home Counties Yeomanry regiment in the Midd East firing from under its camouflage netting (left). Tank drive Western Desert, taken during a reconnoitring patrol (above). The tr ks of other armoured vehicles stand out clearly in the vast expa scrub. R.A.F. armoured cars advancing in a forward area of the Weste n Desert (right). On account of their carapace of armour they "shellbacks," and are extensively used for the defe e of forward aerodromes among other dangerous tasks.

# Libya, Phase Two: Battle of the Parallelogram

**Although it is not yet possible to write a complete account of the great battle of the Western Desert, sufficient information has come to hand to form a picture of the operations which constituted the opening phases. What follows is based upon official statements issued in London and Cairo and the despatches received from Reuter's correspondents with the British Forces in Libya.**

THE Third Battle of Libya opened with a strategical surprise. For months past war material had been pouring into the Middle East and piling up in the Western Desert, and it was obvious to everyone that a great battle was looming. Yet when General Auchinleck gave the order to advance, the Germans were taken by surprise. The British and Imperial troops swept across the frontier wire, poured down from the high ground to the escarpment, rushed across the great minefields cleared by the sappers, and were in among the enemy, behind his main defences in the very centre of his armoured troops, almost before he was aware that zero hour had struck again. But "Old Rommel," as the men of the German Afrika Korps almost affectionately call him, was swift in his recovery. Whatever may be said about the Italians, the Germans rallied immediately and fought back hard. So there began a battle which may be compared to a vast and bloody game of chess—one that is being played out in Central Cyrenaica, between the Egyptian frontier and Tobruk, with thousands of tanks as the key pieces, and troop lorries and supply vehicles as the pawns.

The struggle that ensued has been called the Battle of the Parallelogram, since it was mainly fought in a vast parallelogram in the desert, bounded on the north by a road from Tobruk to Bardia and on the south by the Trigh-el-Abd track, or Slave Road, which runs from El Gobi in the west to Sidi Omar, some 40 miles south of Bardia. When the battle opened on November 18, the enemy infantry, German and Italian, occupied a series of strongly fortified posts between Bardia and Sidi Omar. To the west in the parallelogram were General Rommel's two armoured divisions, while just outside it, beyond the Tobruk-El Gobi track, lay an Italian armoured division—the Ariete.

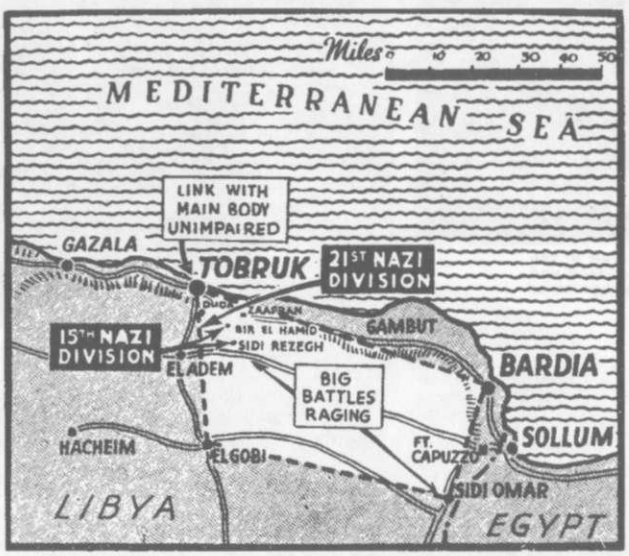
Our attack was launched with a twofold objective. We had to overcome the Bardia-Sidi Omar line, but this would have been a difficult operation so long as the enemy's armoured forces were intact. Accordingly it was essential to compel these to give battle.

The role assigned, therefore, to our armoured forces was to sweep westwards, south of Sidi Omar along the Trigh-el-Abd, and then to bend northwards towards Tobruk, between the two German armoured divisions and the Italian armoured division. The task of our infantry was, in part, to outflank and roll up the Bardia-Sidi Omar line, and in part to follow up our armoured forces.

The result was that the two German armoured divisions, reinforced by the Italian division from the west of the Tobruk-El Gobi track, were compelled, as planned, to give battle south-east of Tobruk.

So began what may be called the first phase of the Libya battle (see page 327). It was a struggle unlike anything that may be conceived on a European battlefield. All the units engaged were completely motorized and could range in any direction, regardless of natural obstacles—which, however, in any case were practically non-existent. The desert, indeed, affords as much freedom of movement to motor vehicles as does the sea to men-of-war. So fighting may begin in one area, drift into another miles distant, and may be broken off without decisive result. In this vast battlefield, so stark and strange, there was no recognizable front.

**"After passing through miles of country thick with British motor transport, we were about to enter an empty patch of desert when a captain held up his hand and shouted 'Don't go on!' He told us the enemy were directly ahead, and laughed heartily at our ingenuousness, calling to his friends: 'Here's a bunch of crazy war correspondents who wanted to walk right into Jerry's parlour!'"**




**LIBYAN BATTLEFIELD, scene of fierce tank battles. The arrows show where two Nazi panzer divisions, separated in the first phase of the battle, managed to link up by smashing through the narrow British corridor to Tobruk.** *Courtesy of the "Daily Sketch"*

Very different is this sort of war from any that has been fought in the past. For instance, in this campaign the generals are in the front line. We are told of a brigadier who led his men into battle in a staff car, and when only 800 yards from 15 German tanks, stood up on the roof to observe the enemy through binoculars. Another commander of one of our tank brigades occupied the gunner's position in a tank, and started the action by himself firing upon the enemy. Yet another commander, a famous fire-eating desert veteran, whose armoured force has been in heavy action since the offensive opened, has almost constantly led his tanks in person.

**"It is an amazing sight," says one of his junior officers, "to see him dashing about amidst our tanks in his car and waving the forces forward with a flag. The other day I saw him come alongside one tank, rap on its side with the butt of his flag, and bawl 'blue murder' at the erring tank commander who emerged from the turret. He had just previously received a bit of shrapnel in the shoulder, but refused to stop to have it attended to."**

Another contrast is the extraordinary difficulty in refuelling tanks and other vehicles scattered far and wide across the desert; indeed, the whole question of supplies in such a campaign as this is makes the quartermaster's job, as the captured Nazi general, von Ravenstein, said, a nightmare. Yet our supply columns have kept in touch, even though they are deemed the special prey of Rommel's tanks, "armoured corsairs" specially detailed for the purpose. Many losses have been inflicted by the enemy on our swift-moving columns, but the supply organization is now so vast that, so it is claimed, it would take more tanks than the Germans have in Africa to upset it. Between the battlefield and Egypt (we are told) lie mile upon mile of what was recently enemy territory, but is now covered as far as the eye can reach in any direction with British motor transport, thousands of vehicles with ample room for dispersal between each. The scene is said to be like a great trek to the American West, as envisaged by a Hollywood film director. The lorries with their canvas tops look just like covered wagons, and in between them our A.A. gunners are seated comfortably on portable chairs with guns at the ready. While awaiting the order to set out, drivers while away the time by kicking a football about the sand.

While the terrific clash of the armoured forces was taking place, particularly at Sidi Rezegh—described as being littered for three miles with "tangled wrecks of some panzer regiment, blackened and twisted. Ammunition and petrol lorries, now misshapen hulks of iron, shared the fate of the tanks"—the garrison at Tobruk burst south-eastwards through the invading lines, and joined up with the British force which had advanced from the east and south. The junction was not consolidated, however. This was revealed in a communiqué from Cairo, on Dec. 1.

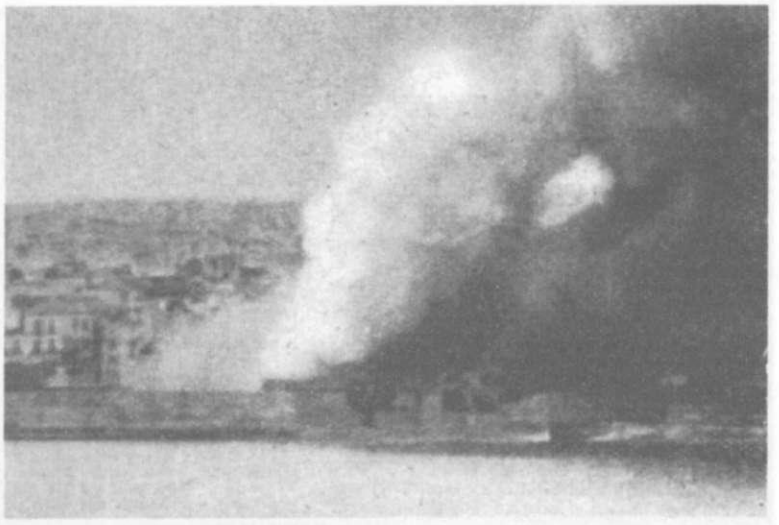
**"In the afternoon of yesterday," it read, "German infantry with tank support again attacked our positions about Sidi Rezegh, where they were successful in making a penetration into our defences." And a further communiqué issued on the following day stated that "Yesterday the enemy threw into the battle all his available armour on a comparatively narrow front. Very heavy fighting throughout the day in the area Rezegh-Bir el Hamid-Zaafran resulted in a junction between the German forces which had advanced from the south and south-west with those originally disposed about Zaafran."**

This brings us, then, to the beginning of December, when the position was hardly such as to warrant the optimistic accounts which had emanated from the Military Spokesmen at Cairo in the opening days of the offensive. The Germans had suffered heavy losses in tanks and lorries and in man-power, but so, too, had the British, the New Zealanders operating along the coast, and the South Africans who were literally overrun at Sidi Rezegh by Rommel's tanks during November 21–23, with the loss of some twelve hundred men.

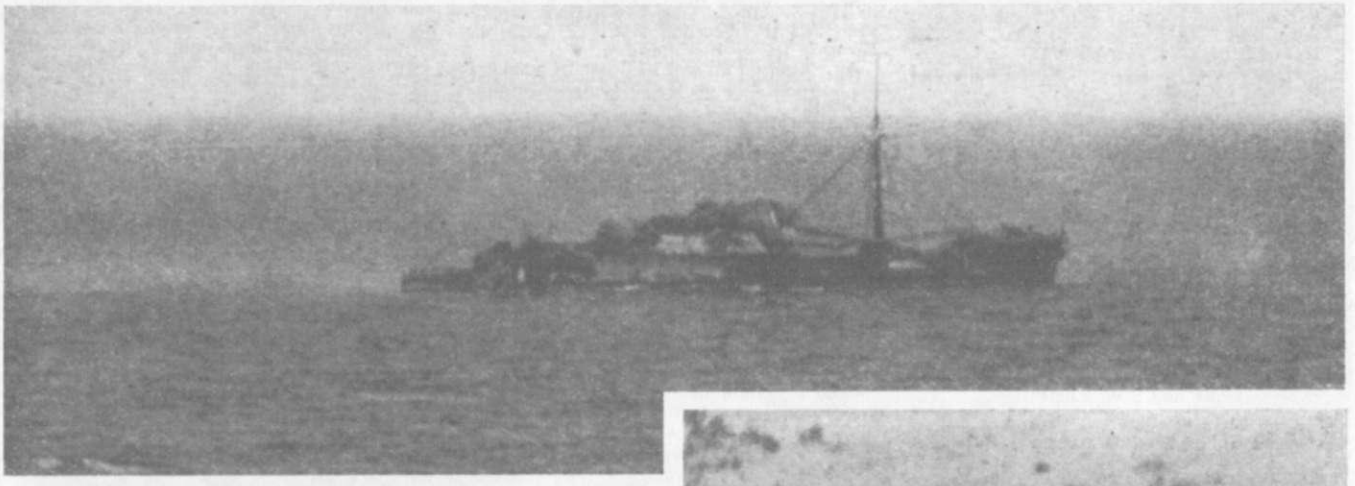
Such had been the fury of the struggle, so heavy the casualties, so wearing the pace of the mechanized forces, that the need for a lull was paramount. For 11 days of desperate tank and infantry battles Cunningham's forces had striven with Rommel's in an attempt to bottle them up and destroy their total armoured strength. In that, so far, they had not succeeded: the link with Tobruk was broken, and Rommel's forces in the desert to the west were once again in contact with his main body in the parallelogram itself. So both armies fell apart like two exhausted wrestlers after a long bout. The first and second rounds, the first and second phases, were over.

Now, rather than continue the guerilla fighting which was as exhausting as inconclusive, the British Command decided to establish its forces along an "offensive line" running from El Gobi to the south-east of Sidi Rezegh. To this line the infantry units retired for a badly needed rest, while within and behind it the tanks were refuelled, regrouped, and overhauled.

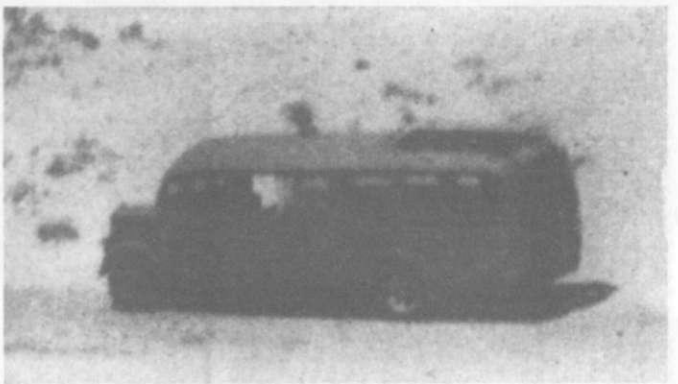
# Knocking the Stuffing Out of 'Sawdust Caesar'



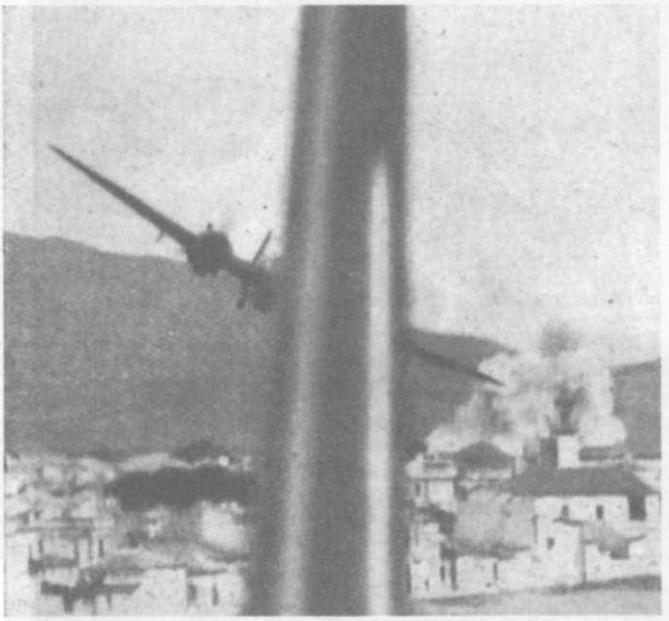
**LEADERS IN LIBYA:** Air Vice-Marshal A. Coningham, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C., Air Officer Commanding the Western Desert, left, with Acting Air Marshal A. W. Tedder, C.B., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, R.A.F., Middle East. In Sicily direct hits on a power station at Porto Empedocle, the port for Girgenti, on the southern coast, send up clouds of yellow and black smoke, right. During the month of November over 1,000,000 bombs were dropped on Italian targets by our aeroplanes operating from R.A.F. bases in Malta.



**ITALIAN SUPPLY SHIP** of about 1,000 tons caught in the Mediterranean by our bombers. Hits were registered amidships, and the vessel eventually sank after a heavy explosion.

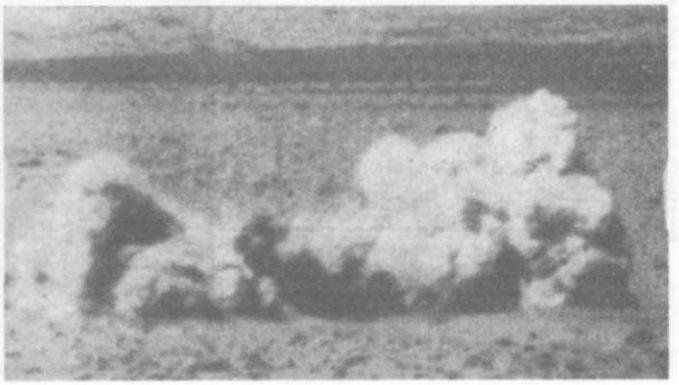


**AXIS TRANSPORT** vehicle in North Africa before an air attack, above. In the photo below the car has been completely obliterated by a bomb from R.A.F. Mediterranean Command.



**IN SOUTH ITALY**—at Locri in Calabria—a low-flying medium bomber reduces a war factory to smoke and debris. Pilots reported that they saw people wave to them as they flew over the target.

*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*



# Our Diary of the War

***WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26, 1941*** *816th day*

**Air.**—Enemy patrol vessels and barges attacked in the Straits of Dover. Night attack on Emden and N.W. Germany as well as the docks at Ostend.

**Russian Front.**—Germans made small gains on Moscow front at the price of very heavy losses. Russian advance on Ukraine front.

**Africa.**—After regrouping and reinforcements on both sides, a second great tank battle began in Libya, mainly around Sidi Rezegh. To the south Indian troops captured Jalo. German armoured column crossed Egyptian frontier south of Sidi Omar, but was attacked and split up.

**General.** — Lebanese independence proclaimed by Free France.

***THURSDAY, NOV. 27*** *817th day*

**Air.**—Enemy supply ship sunk off The Hague by Beauforts. Enemy convoy off coast of Normandy attacked by Fighter Command, also shipping at Boulogne and aircraft at Berck. Night attacks on Düsseldorf, docks at Ostend and enemy aerodromes.

**Russian Front.**—Germans claimed capture of Klin, north-west of Moscow, and Tula was almost encircled. Russian counter-drive in Southern Ukraine continued.

**Mediterranean.**—Night raid on Naples by R.A.F. Royal Arsenal hit.

**Africa.**—Elements of British main forces in Libya linked up with detachments advancing from Tobruk. Sidi Rezegh lost and recaptured. In Abyssinia, Gondar, the last Italian stronghold, surrendered.

**Home.**—Few raiders over East Anglia and S. Coast by night.

***FRIDAY, NOV. 28*** *818th day*

**Russian Front.**—Further Russian advance in the Southern Ukraine. Soviet troops recaptured several villages to the north-west of Moscow. Slight Russian advance on Leningrad front.

**Africa.**—Axis forces contained east of a line Tobruk-Sidi Rezegh reorganized for an attempt to break out. Italian Bologna division badly cut up in an action east of Tobruk. British forces captured Bir el Hamid. Heavy night raid on moles, shipping, and stores at Benghazi.

**Home.**—Slight enemy activity by night over S. Wales and S.W. England.

**General.**—More reinforcements reached Singapore for the Malaya Command. Two German soldiers killed in a Paris restaurant.

***SATURDAY, NOV. 29*** *819th day*

**Sea.**—Admiralty communiqué announced that H.M. submarine Tigris had sunk 5 enemy ships and seriously damaged a sixth and that H.M. submarine Trident had sunk 3 enemy ships and seriously damaged 4 others in the Arctic. Two were transports packed with troops for the Murmansk front.

**Russian Front.**—Soviet forces crossed the Don and drove the Germans out of Rostov. Von Kleist's army forced to retreat in disorder towards Taganrog. Russians recaptured several villages south-east of Kalinin.

**Africa.**—Big new tank battle began. Gen. Von Ravenstein, commander of the 21st German Panzer division, captured. British patrols reached Cyrenaican coast between Jedabia and Benghazi. Night raids by R.A.F. on Derna and Benghazi.

**General.**—All leave for British troops in Singapore stopped. Two more Germans soldiers killed by an explosion in Paris.

***SUNDAY, NOV. 30*** *820th day*

**Air.**—Over 150 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburg, one of the many targets of Bomber Command's night attacks. Emden, Bremerhaven, Wilhelmshaven, Kiel, and Lübeck also bombed.

**Russian Front.**—Marshal Timoshenko's armies steadily pursued Von Kleist's forces towards Taganrog and drove back Hungarian and Rumanian troops in Donetz Basin. Little change on Moscow front, where the Germans claimed the capture of Volokolamsk. Russians admitted loss of Tikhvin.

**Africa.**—R.A.F. announced that from start of Libyan battle to midnight on Nov. 30, 176 enemy aircraft had been destroyed for certain. Furious tank battle continued near Sidi Rezegh. Heavy night raid by R.A.F. on Benghazi.

## MR. CHURCHILL'S MESSAGE

*On the Eve of the Libyan Offensive of Nov. 18, 1941*

**I HAVE it in command from the King to express to all ranks of the Army and R.A.F. in the Western Desert, and to the Mediterranean Fleet, his Majesty's confidence that they will do their duty with exemplary devotion in the supremely important battle which lies before them.**

**For the first time British and Empire troops will meet the Germans with an ample equipment in modern weapons.**

**The battle itself will affect the whole course of the war. Now is the time to strike the hardest blow yet struck for final victory, home and freedom.**

**The Desert Army may add a page to history which will rank with Blenheim and with Waterloo. The eyes of all nations are upon you. All our hearts are with you. May God uphold the right.**

***MONDAY, DEC. 1*** *821st day*

**Sea.**—A surface force under Capt. Agnew in H.M.S. Aurora sank two Italian supply ships and the escorting destroyer Alvise da Mosto in the Mediterranean.

**Air.**—Hudson aircraft of Coastal Command made night raid on docks at Kristiansund, Norway.

**Russian Front.**—Russians continued their advance in the Rostov sector. Moscow thrusts held. Germans claimed capture of Balaclava, in Crimea.

**Africa.**—Hard fighting still going on at Sidi Rezegh. Forces of 15th Panzer division succeeded in getting through to the west before British closed gap between Tobruk and Sidi Rezegh. Italian Ariete division suffered heavy losses.

**Home.**—Bombs dropped on S.W. Coast town after dark. One enemy raider destroyed. H.M.S. Mendip shot down a Heinkel 111 off East Coast.

**General.**—State of Emergency proclaimed in Singapore and the Federated Malay States. Pétain and Darlan had a secret meeting with Goering at St. Florentin-Vergigny, 80 miles S.E. of Paris.

***TUESDAY, DEC. 2*** *822nd day*

**Sea.**—Powerful units of Britain's Eastern Fleet arrived at Singapore. Australian Government announced loss of H.M.A.S. Sydney after she had sunk the German armed merchantman Steiermark.

**Russian Front.**—Rostov pursuit of Nazis continued. Soviet troops sweeping south-west from Voroshilovgrad drove Italian and Hungarian troops towards Saalino, 100 miles north-west of Rostov.

**Africa.**—Rommel succeeded in breaking through the Tobruk corridor and linking up his 15th and 21st Panzer Divisions. Germans recaptured Sidi Rezegh and Bir el Hamid. Command H.Q. at Nairobi announced that enemy prisoners taken at Gondar numbered 11,500 Italian and 12,000 native troops. The attacking force numbered less than half the enemy.

**Home.**—Enemy activity at night over S.W. England. Two enemy raiders destroyed. Mr. Churchill described Government's new man-power policy in the House of Commons.

**General.**—Italian official Stefani agency reported a "vast conspiracy against the State." Three Axis divisions reported engaged against Serbian forces in Western Moravia.

***WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3*** *823rd day*

**Russian Front.**—Soviet troops, pursuing Von Kleist's army, reached Taganrog. On the Moscow front Soviet troops recaptured several villages in the Kalinin sector.

**Africa.**—Slackening in tempo of Libyan battle pending new phase of the battle.

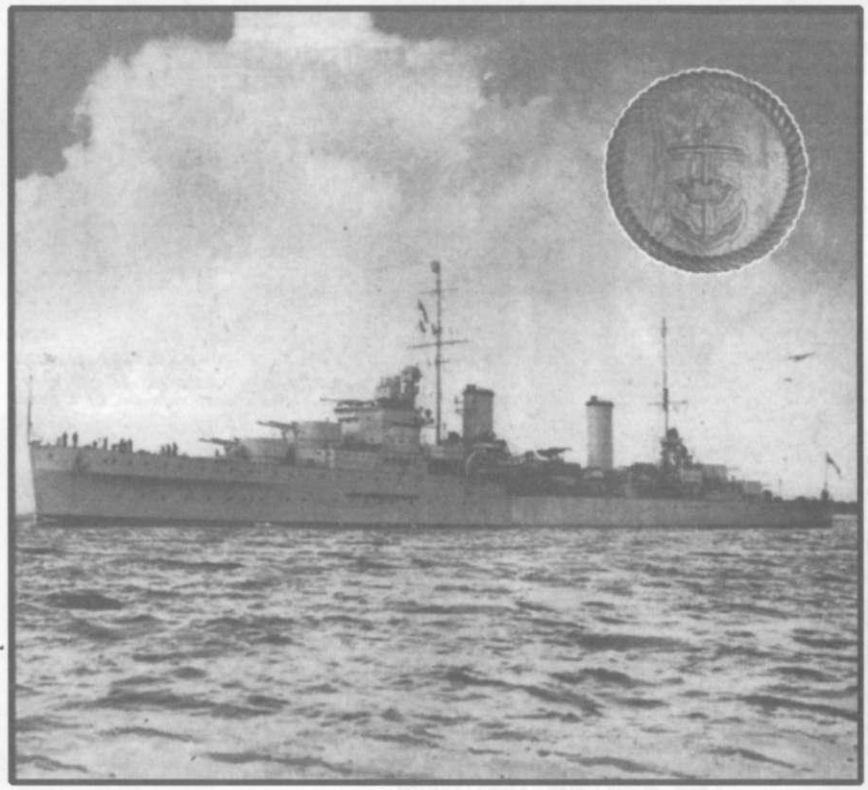
**General.** — Washington revealed that Turkey had for some time been receiving Lease-Lend aid from U.S.A.

***THURSDAY, DEC. 4*** *824th day*

**Russian Front.**—Russians in Taganrog. Russian cavalry occupied Khartsissk, 50 miles north-west of Rostov. In Moscow sector, heavy fighting around Mojaisk. Soviet forces recaptured some positions near Tikhvin, on Leningrad front. New Russian counter-offensive in Arctic Karelia.

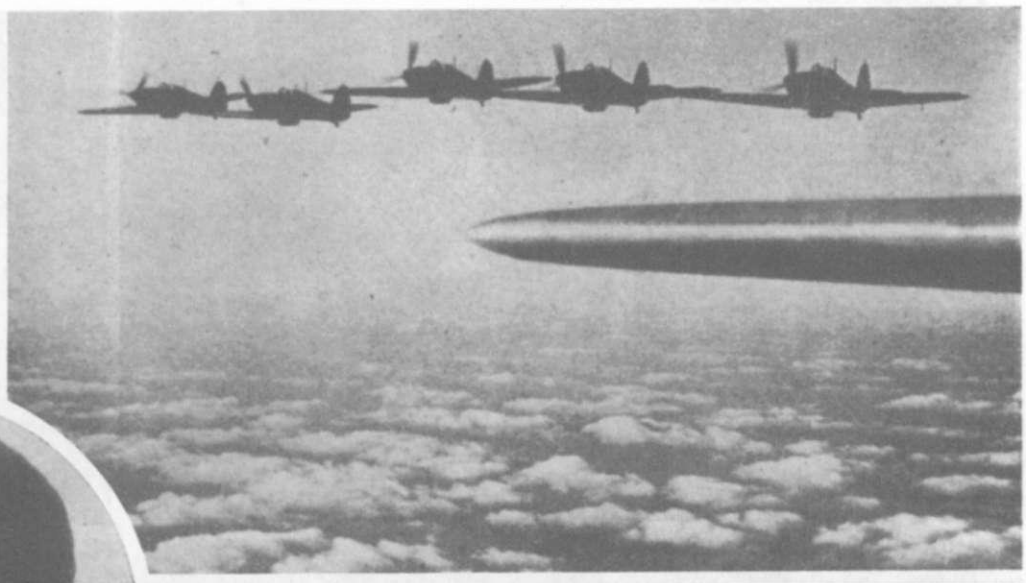
**Africa.**—Lull in the fighting continued. Extremely bad weather conditions hampered operations. Much patrol activity.

**General.**—In India, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, former President of Congress, was released from prison. Fighting between Serbs and Axis forces continued in Moravia.



**H.M.A.S. SYDNEY, 6,830-ton cruiser of the Royal Australian Navy, was lost, presumably by an explosion following a hit, after sinking the armed German raider Steiermark of 9,400 tons. On July 19, 1940, she sank the Italian cruiser Bartolomeo Colleoni and damaged another. Inset shows the Sydney's crest.** *Badge, copyright by H.M. Stationery Office; Photo, Wright & Logan*

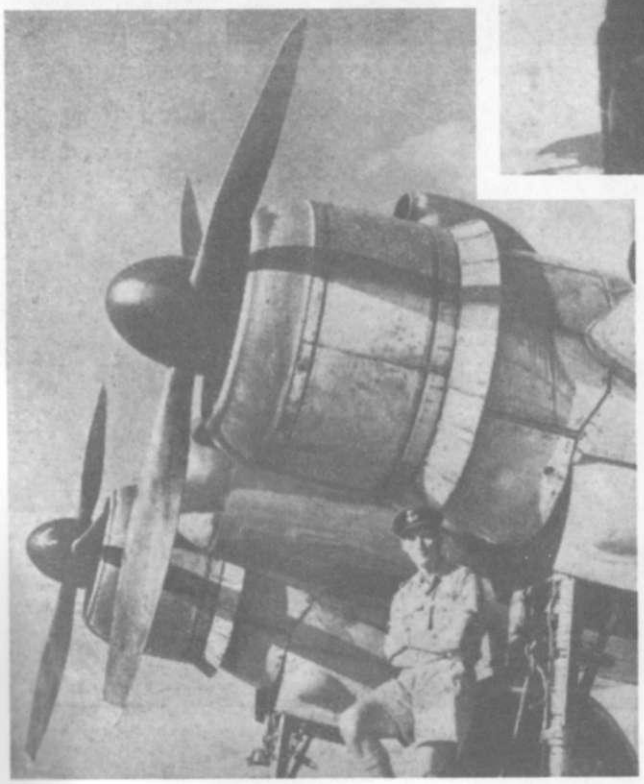
# Men and Machines that Rule the Desert Sky



**NIGHT FIGHTERS** have played an important part in the Libyan battle in which the air cooperation of the R.A.F. has proved of such immense value. Aircraft of a night fighter squadron operating in the Middle East are seen, right, flying in formation above a layer of cloud.

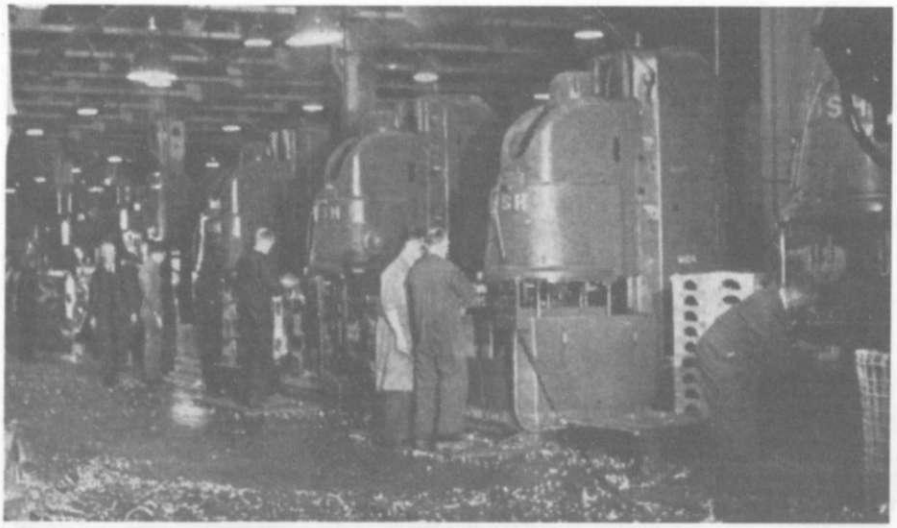
Wing Commander R. G. YAXLEY, M.C., D.F.C., has been awarded the D.S.O. for courageous leadership in connexion with the magnificent achievement of the Beaufighters of the R.A.F., which, up to November 27, had destroyed at least 44 enemy aircraft since the battle of Libya began. Below, close-up of the nose of a Beaufighter, showing the long chord engine cowlings.

*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*



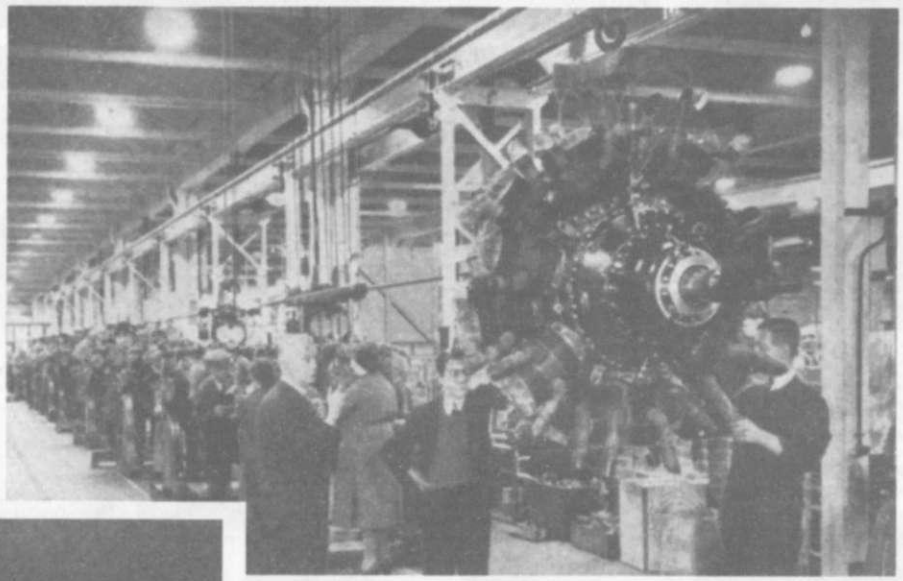
The crew of a Glenn Martin bomber of the S.A.A.F. buckling on their parachutes before taking off on a raid, above. Below, one of the Tomahawks which have wrought havoc among the tanks and transport columns of General Rommel, and shot down many enemy aircraft.

# 'Hercules' of Today on the Factory Line



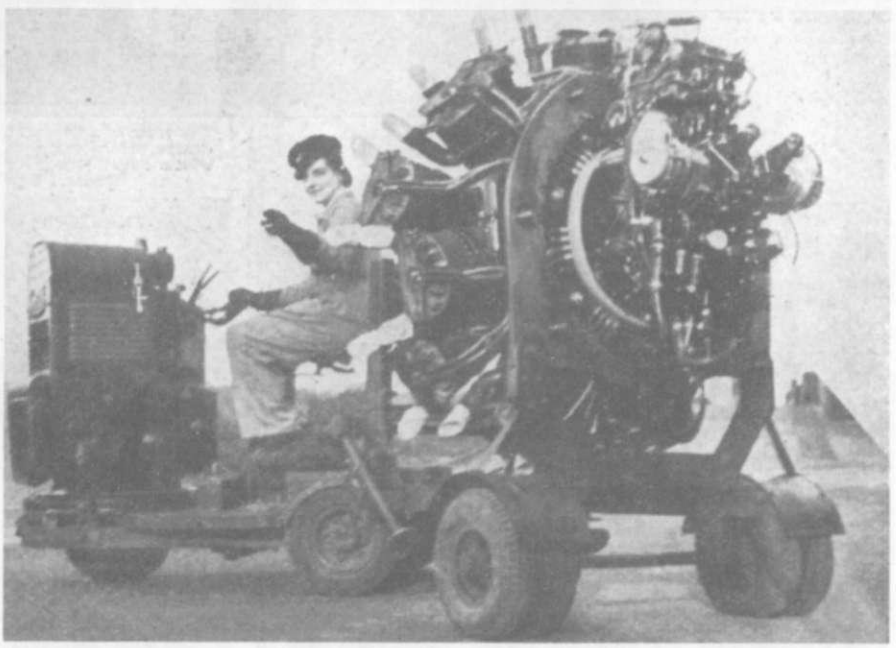
A battery of crank-case drilling machines at a factory producing Bristol Hercules engines, such as are fitted to the Bristol Beaufighter and Short Stirling. The Hercules is a 14-cylinder radial sleeve-valve engine.

The Hercules Mark III is one of the most powerful air-cooled motors in the world. Its fourteen cylinders, as shown above, are arranged in two banks. An impressive characteristic of this engine is its cleanness and simplicity.



Below, a mechanic fits up a Hercules engine on the test bench ready for its trials. The Hercules III is rated at about 1,375 h.p., and to give best performance at height and near the ground it has a two-speed supercharger and controllable pitch airscrews are fitted.

This view along the finishing line at a Ministry of Aircraft Production shadow factory shows Hercules engines being completed. The finished product is seen in the foreground and its size may be gauged by the standing figures.



A transport driver (in civilian life a silk weaver) takes a new Hercules engine to the test bench. The efficiency and reliability of aero-engines such as this make possible the fine performance of British aircraft.

*Photos, Keystone P.N.A., G.P.U. and "Daily Mirror"*

# Your Waste Paper Is Wanted—for Shells!

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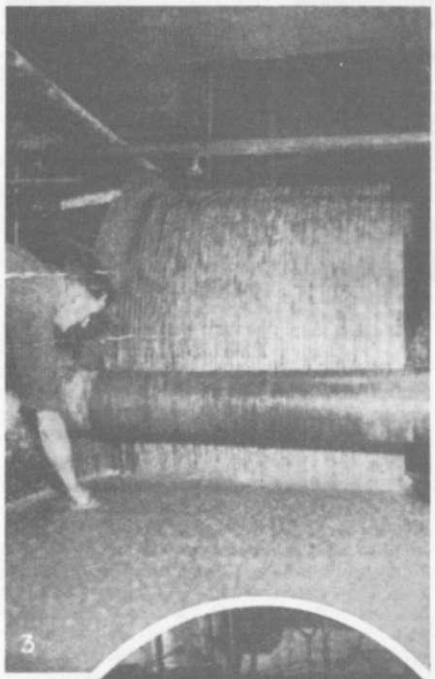

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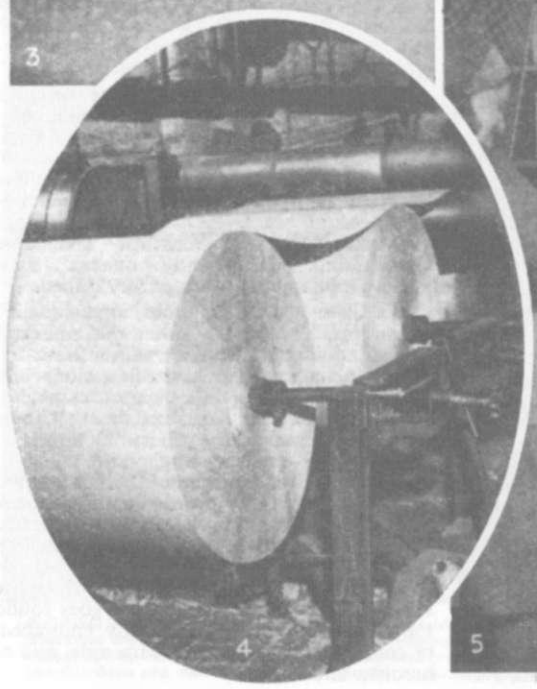
JUST one of the thousand ways in which waste paper can help—and help tremendously—to win the war is illustrated in this page. When the waste paper is collected, either by the Council lorry or by Boy Scouts doing their day's "good turn," (1) it is taken down river—we are speaking of London—to one of the great salvage dumps (2). Then it is passed through a variety of processes, including refining (3), which ensures that there are no lumps left. Eventually the mass of waste paper, made up of torn-up letters, old envelopes, scraps of newspaper, bits of cardboard, and so on—waste of the lowest grade, No. 13—is converted into "board," which has a variety of wartime uses. In the case in point huge rolls are taken to a factory where ammunition containers are being made in vast quantities. There it is cut into sheets by power-driven machines (4), or by machines worked by girls (5). At this stage the sheets are glued together and made into rolls, but before they are fit to receive the shells they have to pass through more processes. Roll is placed in roll, bottoms and lids are attached, and web handles affixed by girls' nimble hands. Some of the work involved is exceedingly dirty, e.g. dipping the containers in wax and painting them, but for the most part it is done by women and girls.

The basic wage is 33s. 6d., plus a production bonus, depending upon the output of the individual "shop" but averaging 18s. Women employed on "dirty work" get £1 per week extra. The finished containers (6) have to be passed by a woman inspector of the Chief Inspectorate of Armaments Department. Every container is inspected and stamped before it is issued to Ordnance

*Photos, Sport & General, I.N.A.*



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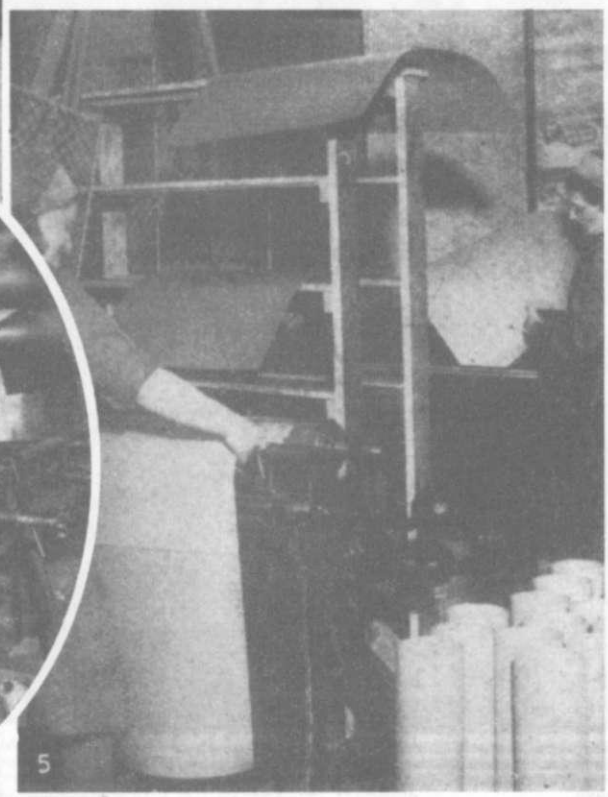

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# 'Friendly Places' for Britain's Serving Men

**Of the ills that beset the soldier—the sailor and the airman, too, for that matter—boredom is one of the worst. How shall he spend the hours which separate the last parade from Lights out? Here in this article by the Rev. Townley Lord, D.D., the well-known Baptist minister, we are told something of the great work done by the Y.M.C.A. and other voluntary organizations.**

It is an accepted principle of modern warfare that soldiers, sailors and airmen need and repay careful attention to their general well-being. Recently an R.A.F. officer was arranging for some of his men on leave to have accommodation. They were pilots and observers, and the officer was heard to remark: "These boys cost a lot to train and every one of them is very valuable: we ought to look after them in the best possible way."

Today the men and women who compose our fighting and associated services are fortunate in the organizations which minister to their needs. There are, of course, official services maintained as part of the general administration, such as N.A.A.F.I., the concert parties organized by E.N.S.A., and so on. But a very considerable amount of comfort and good cheer is provided by organizations such as the Church Army, the Salvation Army, and the Y.M.C.A.

In the struggle of 1914-18 these organizations made a fine and widely appreciated contribution to the general welfare of the troops. When the present conflict began their activities were again directed towards serving the national need. How well and valiantly those needs were met is illustrated by the story of canteen service prior to the collapse of France and in the evacuation of Dunkirk; but since that time, as our national effort had steadily gained strength, these varied ministries have increased their range and effectiveness.

Following the tendency of modern warfare, these various services have become "mobile." The Y.M.C.A. has at the present time over 800 mobile canteens serving isolated units, gun crews, searchlight companies, balloon barrage groups and men in lonely defence posts. Salvation Army canteens were prominent in Greece, twelve of them, indeed, being lost in that epic campaign. The Church Army has 100 mobile canteens estimated to reach over 100,000 men every week.

**FROM A Y.M.C.A. VAN, Commander F. Hallows, R.N. (retd.), serves buns and tea to men of the Forces. He is 65, and is believed to be the oldest voluntary helper driving a Y.M.C.A. tea car.** *Photo, L.N.A.*

A mobile canteen is a sort of travelling universal provider: it combines the restaurant, the general store and the library; it can even act as post office for the men. Civilian as well as Service needs have been met by this fleet of motorized helpers. During heavy raids on our towns and cities these canteens have been much in evidence. In one Midland city, for instance, following a raid, a single group of canteens provided over 70,000 meals for the homeless.

Even more imposing than the work of these mobile units is the service rendered by the various centres in camps, billeting areas, railway stations, docks, etc. The Y.M.C.A. alone reports 1,134 of these centres in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The Church Army has 150, while the Salvation Army has 500, stretching from Iceland to Singapore and serving, it is estimated, between two and three million men and women of the Forces every week. The Y.M.C.A. has centres as far afield as Iceland, the Middle East, Iraq, India, Burma and Malaya.

These organizations, of course, have a strong religious basis, and while it is never obtruded on men and women whose needs at the moment when they make their way to the huts may be primarily physical, there are always well-organized facilities for the culture of the mind and for religious activities. The Y.M.C.A. is especially prominent at the present time through its educational programme. It has a trained staff of organizers, including a large proportion of university men. At least 250 lectures are given every week in Y.M.C.A. centres, and there are discussions, dramatic readings, musical circles and popular concerts. There is a strong demand for classical music as well as jazz, and for lectures on serious literary themes.

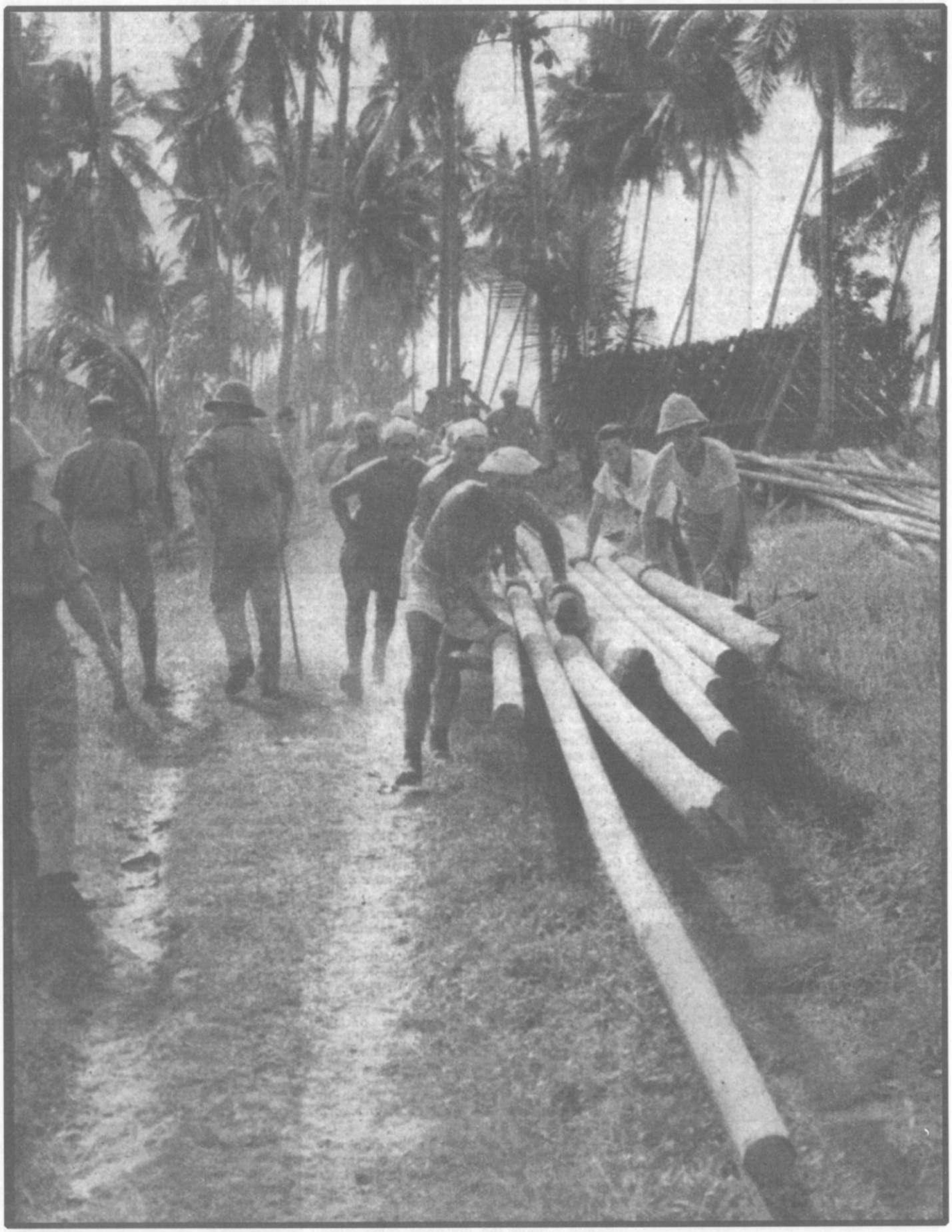
Side by side with this goes work of a definitely religious nature, for these organizations cooperate effectively with the chaplains. Sunday services, week night gatherings, community hymn-singing go on in the Church Army, the Salvation Army and the Y.M.C.A. The first-named organization in particular has extended this service to the civilian population. Nightly services in public air-raid shelters are a feature of London life today.

A recent venture is the provision of clubs and hostels both for officers and non-commissioned ranks. The Canadian Y.M.C.A. has made great strides in this direction. Near one of the London railway termini a Salvation Army hostel provides accommodation for officers at the rate of five shillings for private room and breakfast. The same organization has recently opened Red Shield Clubs for the wives of servicemen.

Are these varied activities appreciated? If you want to know, watch the constant flow of inquirers at the Information Bureaux. Watch the men as they leave the stations and make a bee-line for the nearest canteens. As one of the men described them, "they are friendly places where you can get together, have a meal, enjoy a song, write a letter, and generally feel 'at home.'" It is a great job they are doing in crowded camps, at the ports, in lonely outposts, on desert sands, in bleak Iceland, and in blitzed civilian areas. This is certainly religion in action. When the full story comes to be written we shall learn of tireless service that goes round the clock, of hardships willingly embraced, of courage that can go the extra mile, and of heroism under fire.

**SALVATION ARMY workers loading supplies on to a canteen train. This is one of four hundred trains equipped with portable canteens for the troops, details of which were given in Vol. 4, p. 138. The service is run jointly by the Army Welfare authorities, the Salvation Army and Y.M.C.A., with the cooperation of the L.M.S. Railway.** *Photo, Fox*

# 'Neath Tropic Palms Toil the Gordons



**GORDON HIGHLANDERS,** though you would never guess their regiment from this unorthodox kit, are here seen in the Far East making defence obstacles from tree trunks felled in the neighbourhood. British, Imperial, Indian and Malay troops are now established in force at various strategic points in the Far East and have had intensified training in the science of jungle warfare. Japanese forces are now attacking our positions in Malaya, but the Gordons are not likely to be caught napping. Their motto is "Bydand"—"Watchful." *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# I Was There! ... Eye Witness Stories of the War

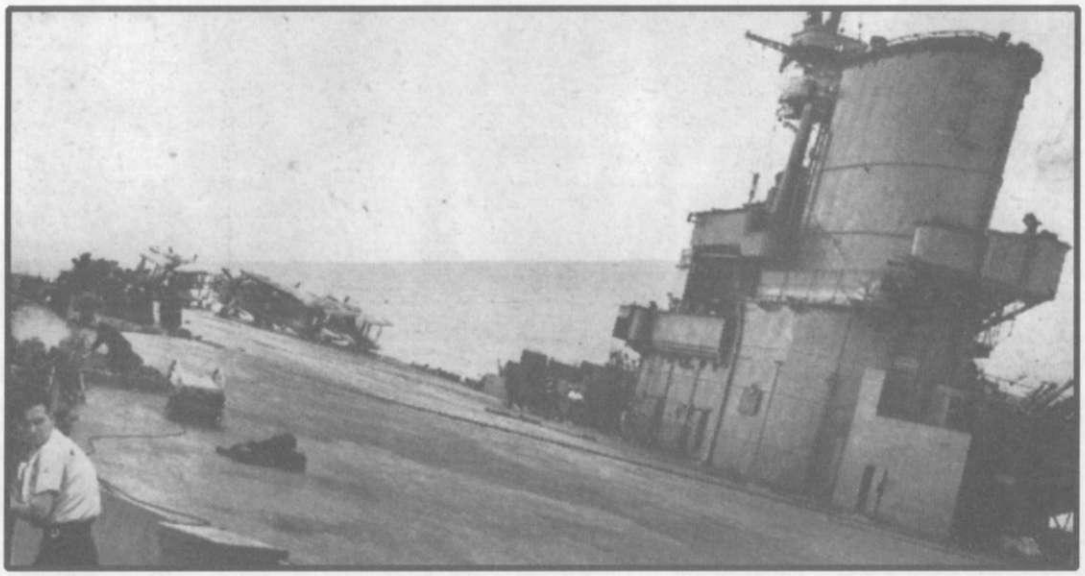
## 'Your Bren Gun Carrier Shot Up My Car'

First German general to be captured by the British in this war was General von Ravenstein, Commander of the 21st German Panzer Division, who was "put in the bag" in the course of the battle outside Tobruk. Here is his story, as told to the B.U.P. correspondent.

ANY commander who wants to be successful must know the ground over which his troops are fighting. I was out on reconnaissance in my car in the El Duda area where I intended to launch certain operations.

In the course of my scouting I crossed a ridge over which I couldn't see, and had the misfortune to run into a British Bren gun carrier, which shot up my car and wounded my driver. [A later report had it that the carrier was manned by some of General Freyberg's New Zealanders; the general's car had been previously shot up by the R.A.F. and by Indian troops.] I had no choice but to give myself up. It is something which might happen to anyone in this damned desert.

The desert is a perfect battle ground for armoured forces such as are engaged at present. The way I was captured shows the difficulties of this kind of campaign. Rapid manoeuvres make it a game of surprises, a paradise for a tactician, but a nightmare for a quartermaster.



**The scene on the flight deck of H.M.S. Ark Royal as she listed over after being torpedoed. Men can still be seen at their posts in the superstructure while airmen and ratings are clustered around the ship's planes.** **See also pp. 342-3.** *Photo, British Official*

## 'We Realized the Ark Royal Was Finished'

Torpedoed in the Western Mediterranean on November 13, the famous aircraft-carrier Ark Royal sank on the following day while she was being towed to Gibraltar. Reuter's special correspondent, who was on board the Ark when she was torpedoed, tells this vivid story of her end.

I WAS in my cabin washing before going in to tea when a torpedo hit us amidships on the starboard side. There was a sudden shuddering crash. The lights went out. I was flung against the wall. For fully a minute the ship shuddered like a harp string.

Grabbing a lifebelt I ran out along the passageway. In the dim light I saw the officers and ratings filing up the ladders leading to the upper deck. Often I have heard of the coolness of Navy men in a crisis, and these men were as calm as though they were going down the gangway at Gibraltar.

I arrived on the quarter-deck to find a score of officers pumping up their lifebelts. The Ark Royal was listing alarmingly to starboard, and the white waves flowing past were ominously stained with dark brown oil. The fuel in the engines was still driving us forward, but every minute the deck slant increased till it was difficult to stand upright.

Suddenly the vibration of the engines beneath our feet died away, restarted for a moment, and then stopped. We glanced at one another, and then through the loudspeaker above us came the words, "Everybody to the port side." Almost before we could move came the voice again: "Prepare to abandon ship."

We reached the boat stations on the weather deck and found that it was impossible, owing to the heavy list, to launch the motor-boats. Crowding the decks were hundreds of the ship's crew, some in overalls and some in underwear. Ropes began to snake down from the flight deck, and cork rafts splashed into the sea.

Then we saw a destroyer pulling in alongside. An officer ordered the men to form up four deep, and although, for aught they knew, the ship might have heeled over and gone down any moment, they obeyed instantly. Soon the destroyer came close under our rails. Ropes leaped up from her and were caught and made fast. "First men over," ordered an officer. Like agile monkeys the men began to slip down to the destroyer's forecastle. I walked forward, found a clear space, and in turn slipped down fifteen feet of rope to the destroyer. From there I saw a scene I shall never forget.

From the flight deck 60 feet above us, from the boat deck and the weather deck, men were swarming down ropes dressed in all kinds of clothes. Many were half naked. Those on the ship were waving and cracking jokes with others who were already safe down the ladder. From the flight deck swung a 17-stone lieutenant-commander, red-faced and jovial. "Come on, landlord," called a voice.

Towards the bows I could see men in rubber boats and one or two swimming in the water. Whalers launched from the ship were already picking them up. For nearly an hour men slid down ropes till the decks forward were packed with men.

Then we heard a piercing whistle. Gazing upward we saw the captain's head over the edge of the flight deck. Cupping his hands, he shouted to the men to go aft and make room for their comrades. The Ark Royal seemed to have steadied. The captain, certain senior officers and engineer officers with a strong body of men remained.

As we veered away from the side we realized how severely hit she was. She lay at a steep angle to the water which suggested a motor-car on the road with both wheels off. Hissing clouds of steam were pouring from her. Silently we gazed at her.

Destroyers were now circling the stricken

**Gen. VON RAVENSTEIN, commander of the German 21st Panzer Division in Libya, the story of whose capture by a British Bren gun carrier is given above.** *Photo, E.N.A.*

**Capt. L. E. H. MAUND, Captain of H.M.S. Ark Royal, the last moments of which are related in this page by Reuter's special correspondent aboard her.** *Photo British Official*

carrier, to prevent any attack on the Ark Royal again. Not until darkness hid their ship did the officers and men of the Ark Royal seek warmth below decks from the biting wind.

Two hours later we heard the joyful thrill of a voice calling all the remaining members of the engine-room staff to return aboard the ship. One of the Navy's small craft drew alongside by the light of torches, and burly stokers scrambled eagerly over the rails from the deck. Smoke from the Ark Royal's funnel was black against the sky, billowing over the ship. Against the faint glow of the lights of Gibraltar, which she was trying to make so desperately, we could see the dark bulk of the carrier.

We returned below, and then the ship increased her speed and we were told we were on the way to Gibraltar. Two tugs were then towing the Ark Royal and destroyers and other small craft were standing by. At Gibraltar the survivors were farmed out to the various ships in the harbour at breakfast-time. We saw the destroyers returning and thought the Ark Royal would be home soon.

There was stunned silence among those of her officers in the ship when they were told gently by another officer that she had sunk 25 miles away.

From one of her engineer officers I heard of the fight to save her. "We found the switchboard smashed," he said, "but managed to get the dynamos working with portable apparatus. We got the pumps started, but the water was rising fast. The captain called for steam in the remaining boilers. We managed to get some steam up, but after a while the gauges fell, the lights dimmed, and we knew we had set ourselves a hopeless task. After receiving our report the captain ordered everybody to abandon ship. A destroyer came alongside and took us off.

Just before she sank she had a list to starboard of 35 degrees. We realized she was finished. She toppled over like a tired child. Her stern reared up for a moment and then gently she slid beneath the waves."

Radio Officer IAN A. PHILLIPS of the Mercantile Marine, who was torpedoed three times in a month, relates some of his thrilling experiences below.

## I Was Torpedoed Twice in One Morning

Torpedoed three times within a month—twice in one morning—Ian A. Phillips, a young radio officer in Britain's Mercantile Marine, spent 15 days in an open boat on the Atlantic and travelled something like 1,000 miles before he reached the safety of Ireland's north-west coast. The story of his experiences, exclusive to "The War Illustrated," is told below.

I JOINED my ship, of which I was chief radio officer, in August, and we left England in convoy three days later. We had been at sea some days when German aircraft bombed the convoy in the late afternoon, and in the evening a submarine attacked and sank one of the escort ships.

The next day submarines again attacked the convoy, and just after three o'clock in the morning my ship caught two torpedoes. She sank in fifteen seconds. I was blown through the deck-head of the radio room on to the main deck. I jumped into the sea. It was fortunate I had my life-jacket on as I cannot swim. I floated around for about two and a half hours before being picked up by one of the other ships in the convoy. Two days later the convoy was again attacked by submarines and also bombed by a Focke-Wulf Kondor, but my own ship got through safely to Lisbon.

I signed on with this ship as third mate and we proceeded to Gibraltar to join another convoy. We sailed in September. After being shadowed by a German aeroplane, we were again attacked by submarines when we had been at sea about a week. On the second day of the attack, ten minutes after midnight, my ship was torpedoed and sank within an hour and a half. I jumped overboard before she went down and was in the water four and a half hours before being picked up by a ship's lifeboat. We got aboard at about 5 a.m. At 6.30 a.m. this ship, too, was torpedoed and sunk. Again I had to jump for it, and it was once more my life-jacket that saved me. I was picked up by the ship's lifeboat at eight o'clock.

There were 22 of us in the boat, packed like sardines, and the seas were running high in a north-westerly gale. At 8.30 a.m. we sighted a warship and burnt signal flares, but we were not observed, and the chances of rescue faded out as the ship disappeared. We put out a sea anchor and hove to as the weather was bad. Next day the weather was still bad. We opened a case of 6-lb. tins of corned beef. It had had canvas nailed about it as a protection against the weather, but the nails had entered the tins and the meat was bad and useless. We were still hove to.

The following day we hoisted sail and headed for the Portuguese coast, but the next day we were running before a north-west gale and shipping plenty of water. Four days after the sinking, a Welsh fireman died.

The wind changed to the south, and as it kept in this quarter the following day we decided to make for Ireland. For four days we made good progress. Then an Arab fireman died. We were all getting a bit weary by now. No one had slept and no one had been dry since we got into the lifeboat. We looked a queer lot with our bearded faces and increasing thinness.

Though we made good progress, the weather continued bad. The waves were between 30 and 40 feet high, and the boat took some holding. We shipped plenty of water. Later the waves were shorter and steeper, a sure sign of shallower water, and we began to look for a sight of land. Rain fell during the night, but we welcomed this, for we spread a sail and had a good drink. Our daily ration of food was half a biscuit and an eggcupful of water.

A Filipino sailor died that day. The next day there was still no sign of ship or land. Then, two days later, we saw the light of the Slyne Head lighthouse. It was a cheering sight, but the seas were the worst I have seen for years and the coastline was bad, all rocks. At 9.43 a.m. after being at sea in an open boat for fifteen days, and covering approximately 1,400 nautical miles, we landed on a small patch of sandy beach at Keerenmaur, near Clifden, Galway, Eire, and were lifted from the boat by fishermen, who gave us hot tea, milk and whisky.

SKIPPER MAX, who commanded a German U-boat in the last war (left), now an anti-Nazi, has, like the "Captain Cortez" mentioned in this page, been running a transport between British bases and Tobruk.
*Photo, British Official*

## I Met 'Captain Cortez' Just Back from Tobruk

Not long ago the special correspondent of the "Daily Mail" in Alexandria interviewed a Spanish captain who had just been congratulated by Admi. Sir Andrew Cunningham on the completion of his 25th voyage to Tobruk as the master of a cargo steamer.

LET us call him Capt. Cortez. I wish I could relate the story of his last trip to Tobruk as he told it to me, in a mixture of Spanish, French and English, with a wealth of gesture and pantomime which made him leap from one side of his battered little bridge to the other.

Attacked three times during daylight on the last day, shelled as she entered the harbour, and bombed and shelled at intervals throughout the night and next day, his ship nevertheless discharged her cargo.

When I offered my congratulations to this sturdy little band on the way they stuck their job, Capt. Cortez said: "Why, it is nothing to us. We have nothing more to lose except our lives."

He was more in his element talking of how they clipped pieces off the wing of one of three attacking Messerschmitt 109s.

"We no can see them," he said, "but I get my big gun straight in sun because I know they are there. I am all time working machine-gun, swinging it in figure of eight to throw cone of bullets where they must be. Then I hear noise them diving, but still no see. I tell my first officer, 'Wait. No fire yet.' He want to fire. I say: 'No. Noise get louder.' First one machine come one side us and drop bombs; then another come other side. His bombs fall only 20 yards away. Then third machine come straight. I see him. I say 'Fire.' Gun go.

"He almost over funnel when he turn, but pieces from his starboard wing drop off and one fall on our deck. Beautiful! He go wobbling away, getting lower and lower.

"In the bows my man is working another machine-gun when piece cannon-shell go through his thigh. 'Stick it,' I cry, but poor fellow he presently faint and fall beside his gun. He all right in hospital now. I stop his bleeding with bottle peroxide hydrogen and put him sleep with bottle whisky"

# Editor's Postscript

THE rich Indo-China possessions of the disintegrating French Colonial Empire are being impudently grabbed by the Japs from the palsied hand of Pétain, while the traitor Darlan is conspiring for Nazi dominion over all French North-West Africa. In our issue of July 5, 1940, my keen personal interest in that region of overseas France led me to write an article expressing my faith in the patriotism of the colonial governors and military leaders of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia being able to rally their provinces to the eventual rescue of the Motherland—nothing but a willingness to be defeated need have held them down. Alas, eighteen months later the will to lose has prevailed. In that time Britain has gone from strength to strength in withstanding the hammerings of the Hun upon her great cities and countryside, while steadily arming herself for that great day, which is drawing nearer, when our resolve to rid the world of Nazi tyranny will be crowned with abiding victory—a victory in which, to the sorrow and shame of all good Frenchmen, the worse elements of their countrymen will have no part save that of traitors planning for the defeat of Britain and the Free French forces who are so loyally cooperating for her survival and their own vindication.

JUST what sort of Colonial Empire will be saved for a France that cannot save anything for herself—her honour least of all—no one can define with any confidence of prevision. But when I heard today that the Japs were pouring troops into Saigon, with a view to threaten or attack Thailand, the first thing that came to my mind had nothing whatever to do with the War. It was an instance of human heartlessness exceeding any that I have ever known. I read it years ago in "L'Illustration," where the story and pictures filled a large page. Somewhere in the region of Saigon the French had a leper settlement for the natives. The narrator visited this and was astonished to find a young French boy among the afflicted and abandoned natives. His conductor told him the boy's story. A French couple of the commercial class who had lived some years in Saigon discovered one day to their chagrin that their child of four or five had somehow become a leper—an extremely rare occurrence. So they simply sold up everything they possessed and cleared away, leaving no address or clue to their whereabouts, after abandoning the little chap in some jungle land not far from the leper encampment. He had been found, and here he was, now eight or nine years old, with the fell disease slowly eating away his hands and toes! That was all; but I can never quite get that horrific page of "L'Illustration" out of my thought when I read of Saigon

FROM what one reads and the pictures one sees of Murmansk and Archangel it would be natural to imagine that few days of the long and bitter Arctic winter in these regions would be free from snowfalls. Yet a colleague of mine, who spent a whole year of his military service at Archangel during the last War, surprised me the other day with the information that he never saw a snowfall or snowstorm there. So far as he could determine, the snow, once the short summer had come and gone, simply "arrived" in the coldest hours of night on the low-lying land along the banks of the Dvina—it never thins from the distant hills that rim the river valley and its fertile plain of wheatland. Once it has arrived in this surreptitious way it stays for the eight or nine months of winter. "But I never saw it snowing in the daytime," my friend insists. And life is quite tolerable, as there are no rains to thaw the snow and turn it into slush or ice, just illimitable dry, powdery whiteness, which can be banked up and cleared for tracks. They have even electric tramcars in Archangel!

**Rear-Admi. SIR TOM PHILLIPS, who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief Eastern Fleet, was previously Vice-Chief of Naval Staff. He is 53 and only 5 ft. 4 ins. in height.**
*Photo, Bassano*

WENT into my library today just as the one o'clock news was coming through . . . "and this is Wilfred Pickles reading it." For the moment I was more interested in Wilfred Pickles than in the news. I had read about this new announcer, and I now listened to him for the first time with rising pleasure. Here was a manner of speech that gave pungency to the English phrases which the announcer was transferring from the typed sheet to the sound waves that carried his living, lively, rhythmic utterances through the ether. There may be a certain art in achieving this naturalness, but it is perfectly concealed, as art should be in speaking and acting. But more probably there is nothing of the kind: it is merely the natural, unaffected utterance of a man who despises frills and affectations and talks to the microphone as he might talk to you or me. And that goes for Bruce Belfrage also. There are announcers so faultlessly correct according to the approved standards of diction that you can't tell one from t'other—at least I can't, for I have often been wrong in anticipating their vocal "signatures." If the B.B.C. will only encourage individuality in its regular announcers—the speech of its occasional broadcasters it cannot control—it will be doing a good service to the public. For due observance of the rules of correct speech need not, indeed, should not, smother the individuality of the speaker.

AND now, as we go to press the news that we are actually at war with Finland, Hungary, Rumania and Japan since our last issue indicates the ever-increasing speed and spread of the Maelstrom of War which now whirls over every continent and sea on this planet. Before the present number reaches the hands of its readers even some of the fast fading neutrals may have been engulfed. The treachery of Japan was only to be expected and has its merits in its reactions on the United States—where are the Isolationists now?

JAPAN'S criminal folly (at the bidding of Hitler) will prove her cardinal error—an error that may affect a peace-loving world as a powerful cathartic. That race of little yellow men—mere apes of Western culture in all their larger activities—have blindly taken the first step towards national hara-kiri.

IN old Japan of the Ronin and the Samurai, before modern science and invention put into their nimble monkey hands the means and methods for effecting good or evil on a vast scale, they had a code of honour and a secluded god incarnated in the unseen person of the Mikado, the act of harakari, or self-disembowelling, to assert one's "honour" was a commonplace. But with their whilom god dressed in military uniform and publicly appearing as the leader of a rapacious, ravening, military power, eager to subject the peace-loving races of the east so that the Japs might lord it over all the Orient, how changed the scene! Yet as the Spanish say, "a monkey dressed in silk is still a monkey." And this new Japan, with all the accoutrement of scientific destruction in her greedy paws, which she will use with the atrocity of a wild animal gone mad, will eventually find her only honour in self-destruction.

GENERATIONS of British traders, officials, and sojourners in the East have borne testimony to the deceit and trickery of the Japanese—the only real "yellow peril" that has ever existed, for the Chinese are as noted for their peaceful disposition as their envious enemies of the islands for their aggressive spirit. Never has the innate treachery of these swaggering invaders of China been so completely illustrated as in their method of making war on Britain and America under cover of peaceful talks at Washington. They have gone one step beyond Hitler, and many steps back to the barbarism of the Mongol Khans.

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